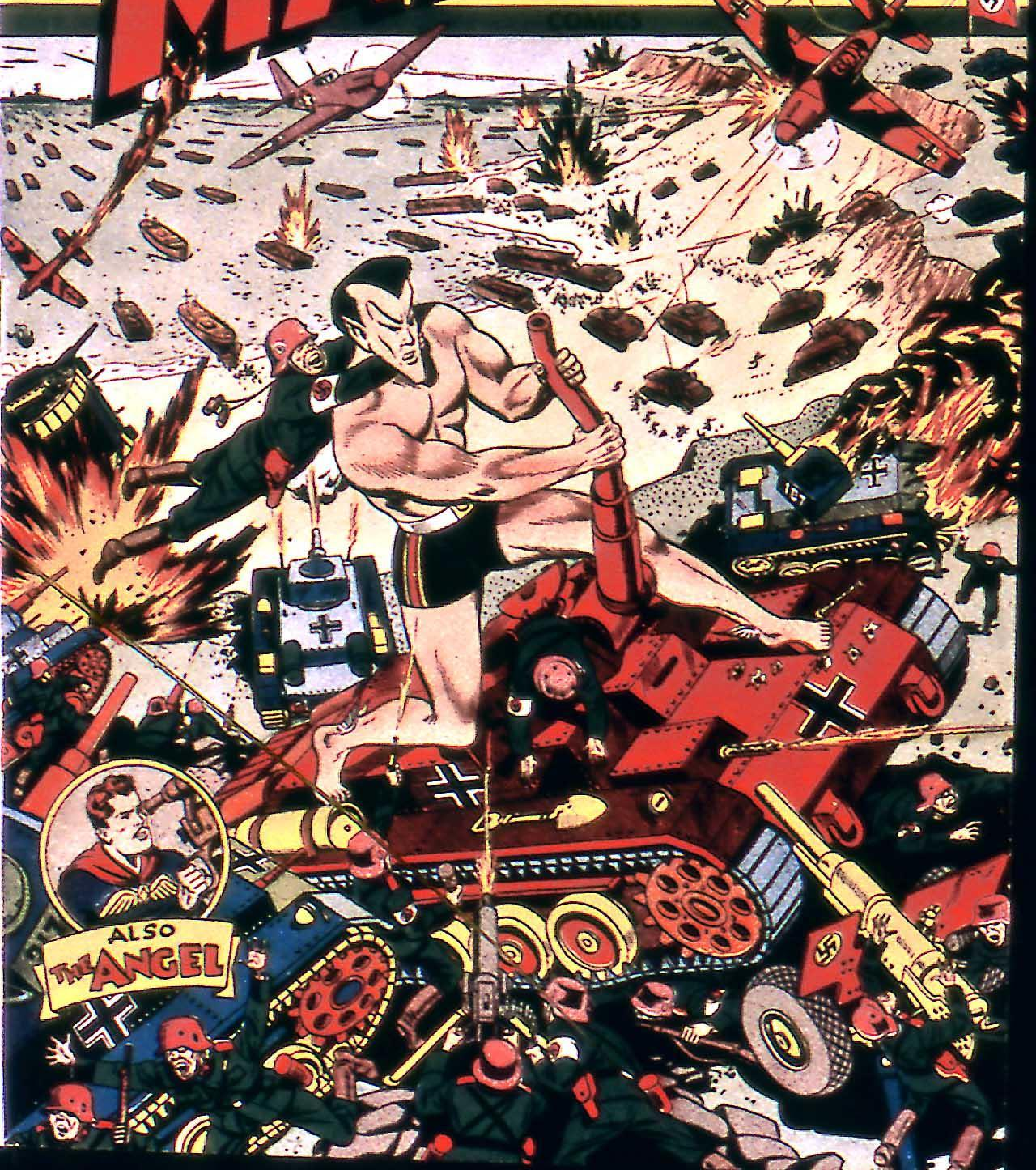
NO. 14

FALL ISSUE

10¢

SUB-MARINER

COMICS


ALSO
THE ANGEL

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St.,** Des Moines, Iowa.

Name .... Color of Hair ....

Address .... Color of Eyes

City.................... State........ ....

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 859, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

NEW *True-Love and Friendship* *Sterling Silver* Pendant Heart Design RING $1.95

TEN DAYS TRIAL

The ring that grows in attractiveness and sentiment the longer it is worn. This genuine Sterling Silver ring is extra wide and beautifully embossed with the very newest "Forget-Me-Not" design with two pendant hearts suitable for engraving initials of loved ones. The ring of romance and true friendship.

No other gift is quite so appropriate among friends or lovers now that so many good friends, pals and sweethearts are far away from each other.

Supply Limited

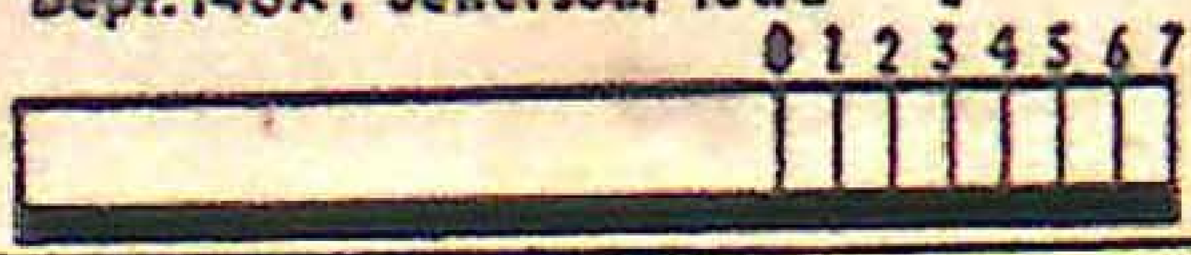
SEND NO MONEY

Just name, address and ring size. Your package sent immediately and you pay postman only $1.95 plus a few cents mailing cost and tax, on arrival. Wear 10 days on money back guarantee.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.,
Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

For Your Ring Size

Use handy ring measure at right. Tie string around finger, cut and mark off size on scale.



EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 146A, Jefferson, Iowa

Send the extra wide band Sterling Silver "Forget-Me-Not" Design Ring. I understand I can return my order within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name ....

Address ....

City ....

Ring Size.......... State..............................

Beautiful Simulated BIRTHSTONE RING GIVEN *AWAY*

Also Other Valuable Gifts.

Smart, new, dainty, Sterling Silver Ring set with sparkling simulated Birthstone correct for your birth date—GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected. Dozens of other useful and valuable gifts (Hose, Pens, Scissors, Rings, Lockets, Costume Jewelry, etc.) are also offered in our free catalog-circular. Send name and address today for order and catalog to start.

Birthstone Ring Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Hollywood Locket—Given for selling 10 boxes.

Powerful Telescope for spotting planes Given for selling 10 boxes.

Ladies' Hosiery Given for Selling 5 boxes.

Just Send The Coupon We TRUST You

Many feel it's lucky to wear their birthstone. Send coupon today.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-90, Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-90** Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Gift I would like to have you send me.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY.................. STATE....... ....

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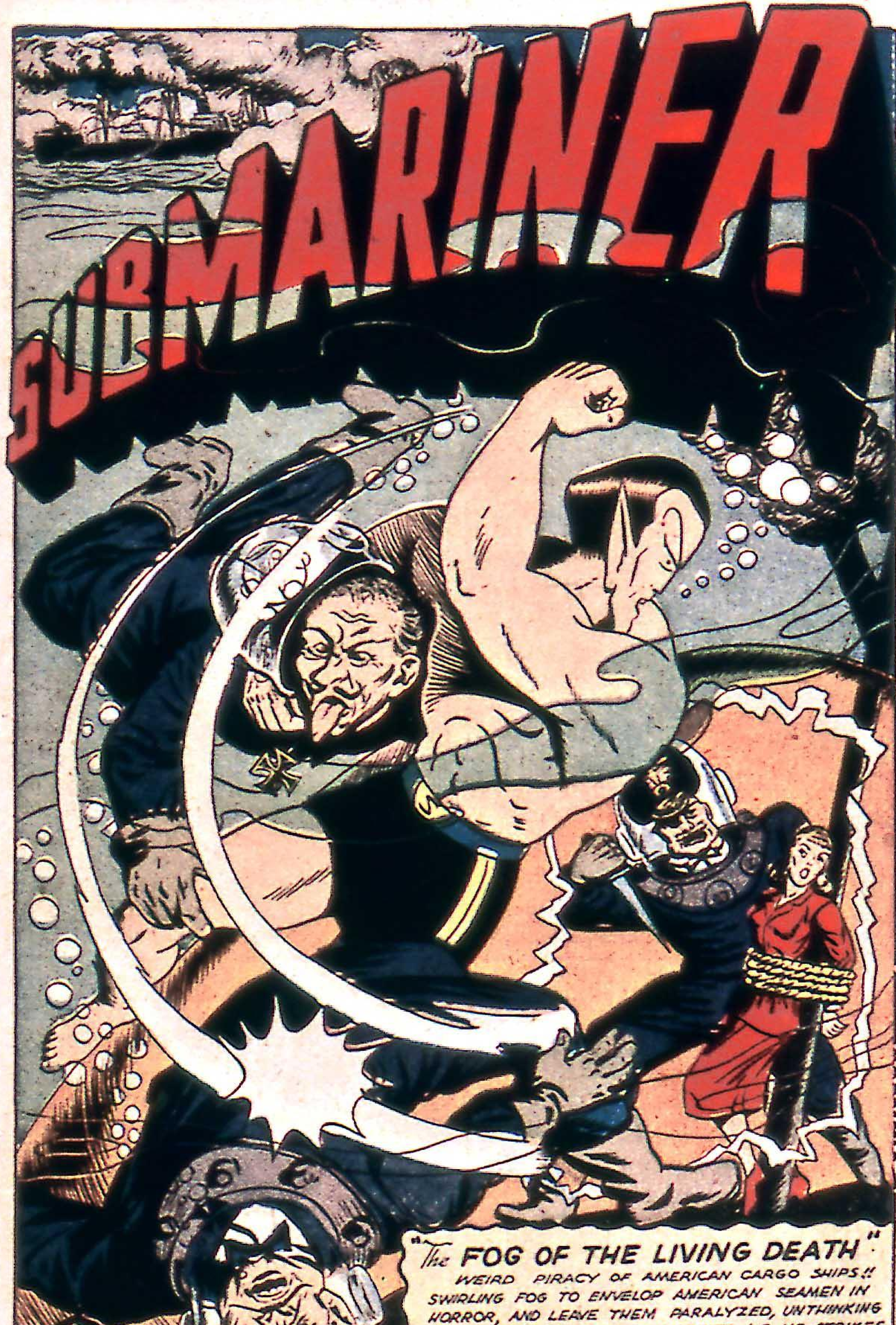
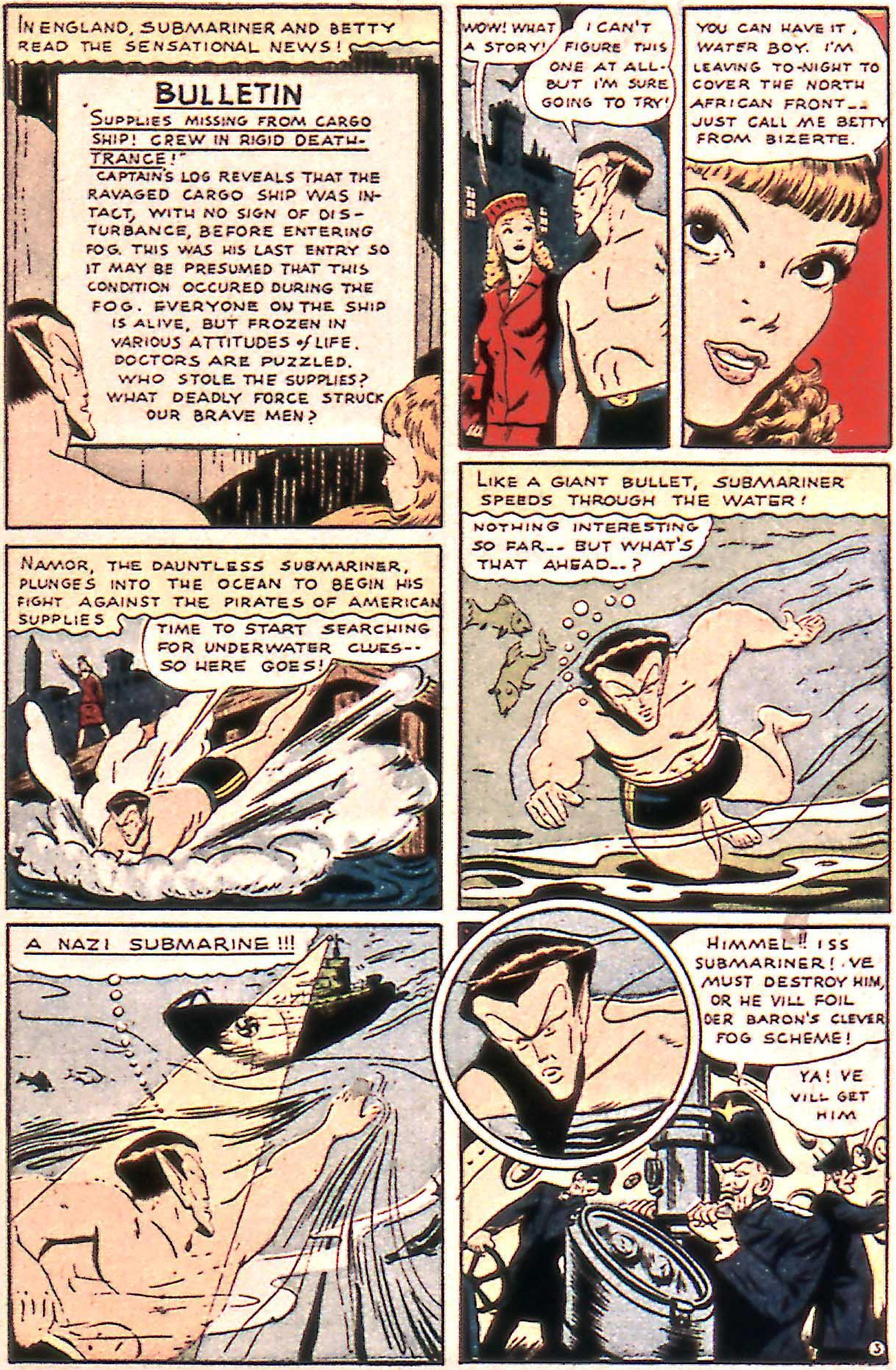
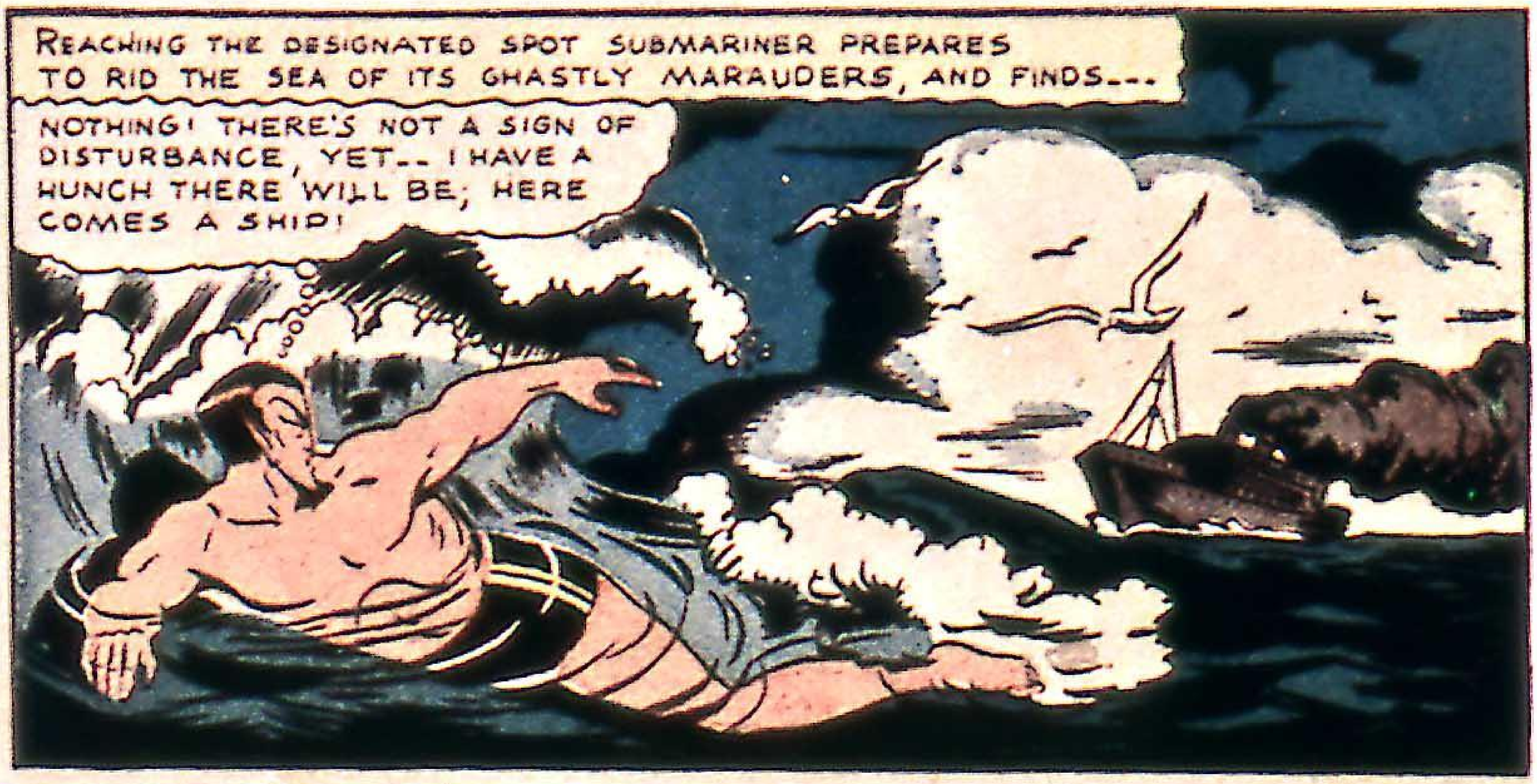

SUBMARINER
"The FOG OF THE LIVING DEATH"
WEIRD PIRACY OF AMERICAN CARGO SHIPS!! SWIRLING FOG TO ENVELOP AMERICAN SEAMEN IN HORROR, AND LEAVE THEM PARALYZED, UNTHINKING CREATURES. FOLLOW SUBMARINER AS HE STRIKES ALONE IN HIS STRANGEST AND MOST GRUESOME ADVENTURE TO COMBAT THE "FOG OF THE LIVING DEATH"

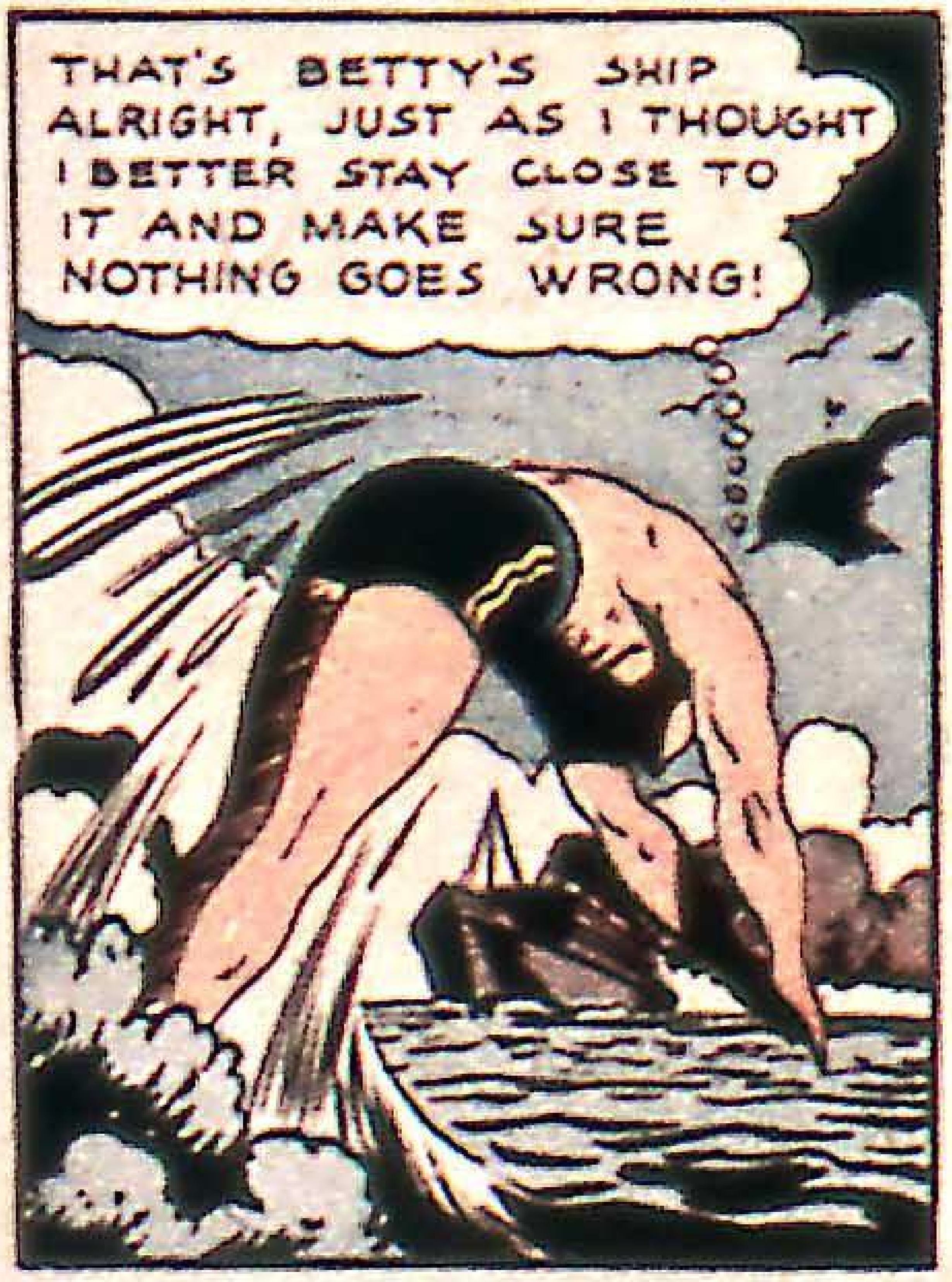
IN ENGLAND, A CARGO SHIP IS LEAVING WITH VITAL SUPPLIES FOR THE ITALIAN FRONT---
IF YOU SIGHT ANY SUBS, SINK A FEW FOR ME, CAPTAIN! AND GOOD LUCK!
THANKS, NAMOR! WE'LL GET THIS STUFF THROUGH IF IT KILLS US!
THE CAPTAIN CANNOT KNOW HOW TRAGICALLY PROPHETIC HIS WORDS WERE. THE SECOND DAY OUT...
THAT FOG CERTAINLY FORMED FAST-- AND IT'S DIRECTLY IN OUR COURSE!
YES, CAPTAIN-- BUT WE'LL BE OUT OF IT SOON, IT'S ONLY A SMALL PATCH
I--I--FEEL FUNNY---
THE WAY I FEEL-- ISN'T FUNNY--I--I--
AS THE SHIP FINALLY EMERGES FROM THE FOG, THERE IS BUT ONE SOUND-- THE EERIE BLAST OF THE WHISTLE FLOATS OUT OVER THE SILENT SEA!
THE ONLY MOVEMENT-- A FLAPPING DOOR! UNTHINKING, UNSEEING, THE CREW STANDS RIGID IN LIVING DEATH!
LATER--
HEY! LOOK! THAT SHIP IS GOING NO PLACE FAST! LOOKS LIKE NOBODY'S GUIDING HER!
WE BETTER INVESTIGATE, AND RADIO FOR HELP!

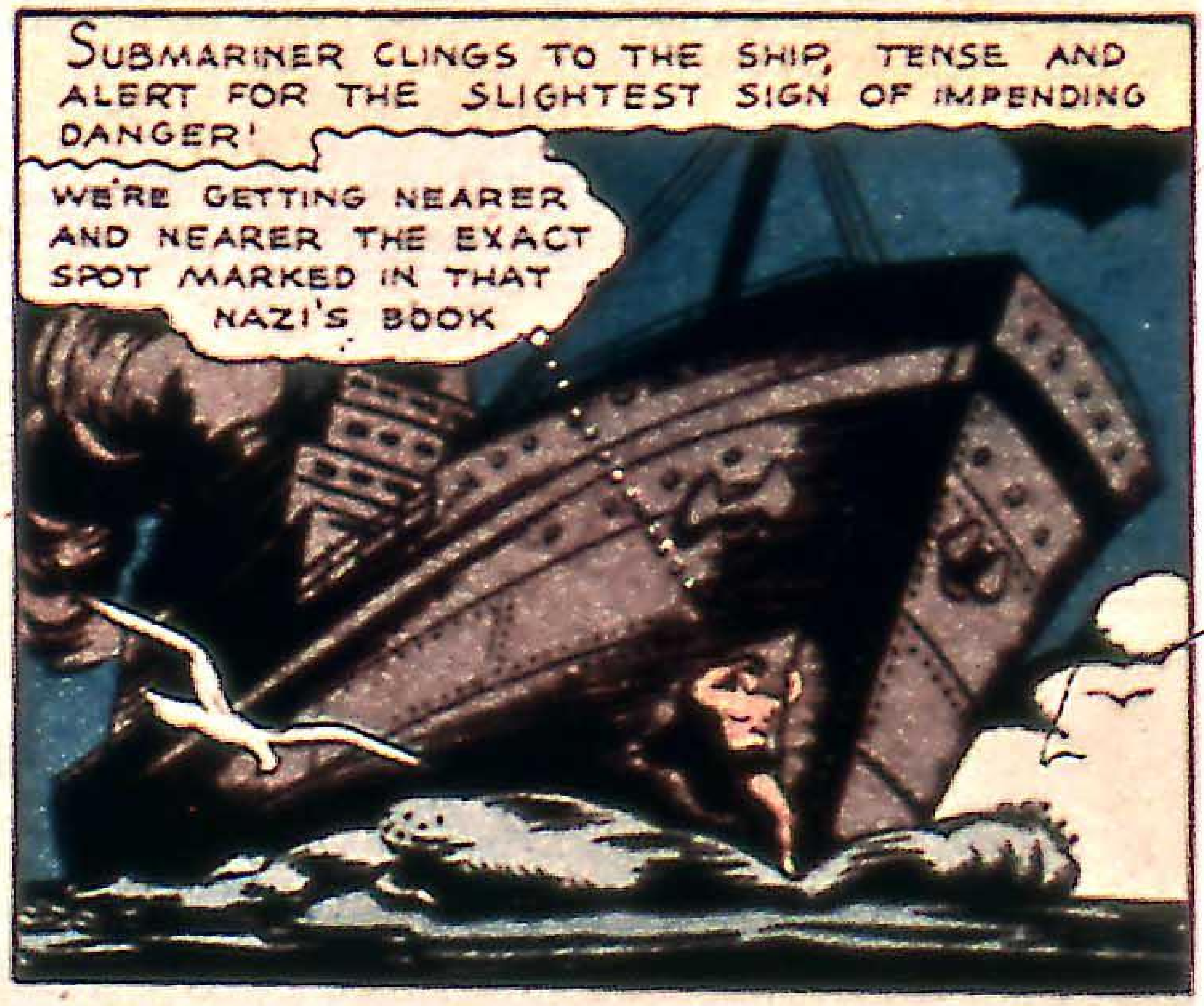

IN ENGLAND, SUBMARINER AND BETTY READ THE SENSATIONAL NEWS!
BULLETIN
"SUPPLIES MISSING FROM CARGO SHIP! CREW IN RIGID DEATH-TRANCE!"
CAPTAIN'S LOG REVEALS THAT THE RAVAGED CARGO SHIP WAS INTACT, WITH NO SIGN OF DISTURBANCE, BEFORE ENTERING FOG. THIS WAS HIS LAST ENTRY SO IT MAY BE PRESUMED THAT THIS CONDITION OCCURED DURING THE FOG. EVERYONE ON THE SHIP IS ALIVE, BUT FROZEN IN VARIOUS ATTITUDES of LIFE. DOCTORS ARE PUZZLED. WHO STOLE THE SUPPLIES? WHAT DEADLY FORCE STRUCK OUR BRAVE MEN?
WOW! WHAT A STORY!
I CAN'T FIGURE THIS ONE AT ALL-- BUT I'M SURE GOING TO TRY!
YOU CAN HAVE IT, WATER BOY. I'M LEAVING TO-NIGHT TO COVER THE NORTH AFRICAN FRONT-- JUST CALL ME BETTY FROM BIZERTE.
NAMOR, THE DAUNTLESS SUBMARINER, PLUNGES INTO THE OCEAN TO BEGIN HIS FIGHT AGAINST THE PIRATES OF AMERICAN SUPPLIES
TIME TO START SEARCHING FOR UNDERWATER CLUES-- SO HERE GOES!
LIKE A GIANT BULLET, SUBMARINER SPEEDS THROUGH THE WATER!
NOTHING INTERESTING SO FAR-- BUT WHAT'S THAT AHEAD--?
A NAZI SUBMARINE !!!
HIMMEL!! ISS SUBMARINER! VE MUST DESTROY HIM, OR HE VILL FOIL DER BARON'S CLEVER FOG SCHEME!
YA! VE VILL GET HIM

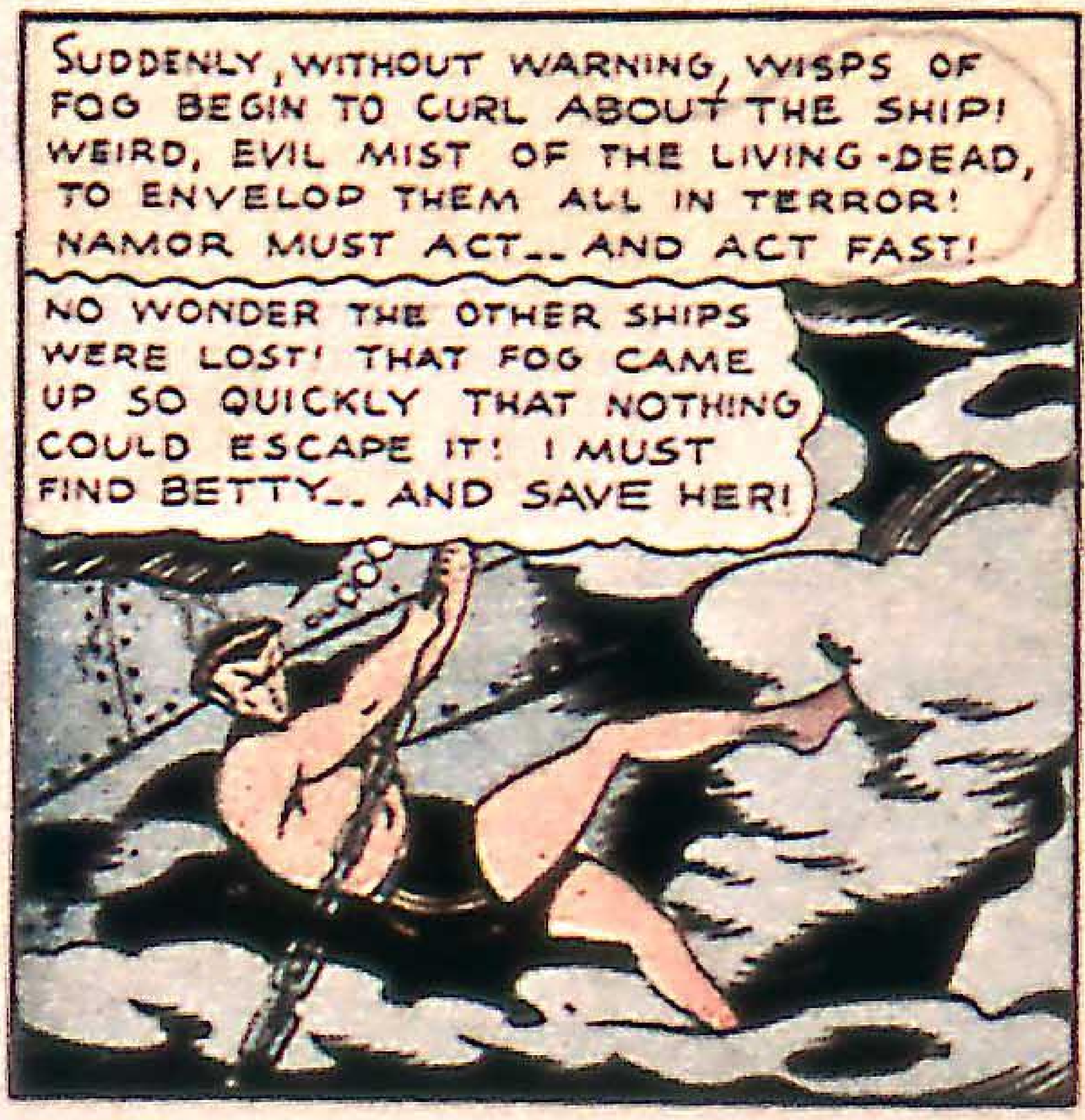
NUMBER ONE TORPEDO FIRE!!! HEIL HITLER!
YA!
A TORPEDO, EH! I'LL MAKE IT BOOMERANG!
WITH A SKILLFUL LUNGE SUBMARINER GRIPS THE TORPEDO, TURNS IT AROUND, AND HEADS IT BACK AT THE U-BOAT!
WHEN THIS HITS YOU-- A TASTE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE, NAZIS!
BUT UNKNOWN TO NAMOR, THE TORPEDO IS A NEW TYPE OF TIME BOMB--- AND IN A SPLIT SECOND--
AND AS NAMOR HURTLES DOWNWARD
ACH, HIMMEL! HERE HE COMES!
NOW IS MY CHANCE
4

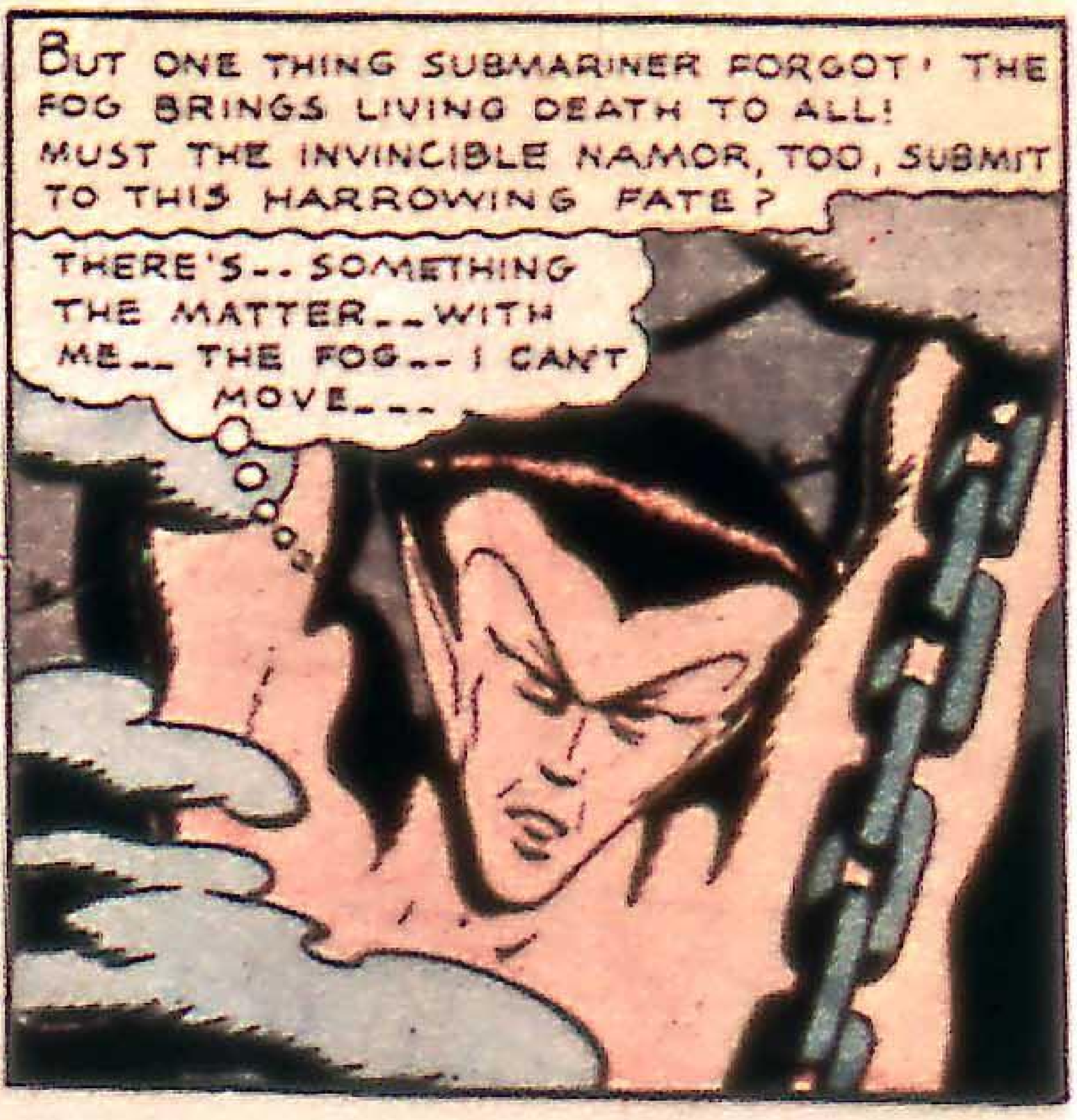
WITH HIS POWERFUL HANDS NAMOR GRIPS THE FRAGILE HULL AND---
C-R-A-C-K
U-255
THESE NAZIS MUST BE IN ON THE FOG MYSTERY! I'VE GOT TO GET A CLUE FROM THEM BEFORE ANY MORE SHIPS ARE PLUNDERED!
THEY SAY DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.. BUT PERHAPS THIS ONE WILL!
GREAT GARFISH! THIS LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE IS WHERE BETTY'S SHIP WILL BE NEAR--RIGHT NOW!
Midnight 38°10'5 N. Lat. 16°9' W. Long.
THIS LOOKS LIKE THE SORT OF CLUE I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR PERHAPS IT'LL GIVE ME SOME IDEA OF WHEN AND WHERE THE FOG WILL STRIKE NEXT!
NAMOR PLUNGES THRU THE SEA AT TERRIFFIC SPEED. HIS MIGHTY VENGEANCE AROUSED AGAINST THE FIENDISH NAZI POWER
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT-- I'VE GOT TO SAVE THAT SHIP.. BUT HOW? AND-- SUPPOSE I'M ALREADY TOO LATE?


REACHING THE DESIGNATED SPOT SUBMARINER PREPARES TO RID THE SEA OF ITS GHASTLY MARAUDERS, AND FINDS...
NOTHING! THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF DISTURBANCE, YET-- I HAVE A HUNCH THERE WILL BE; HERE COMES A SHIP!


THAT'S BETTY'S SHIP ALRIGHT, JUST AS I THOUGHT I BETTER STAY CLOSE TO IT AND MAKE SURE NOTHING GOES WRONG!

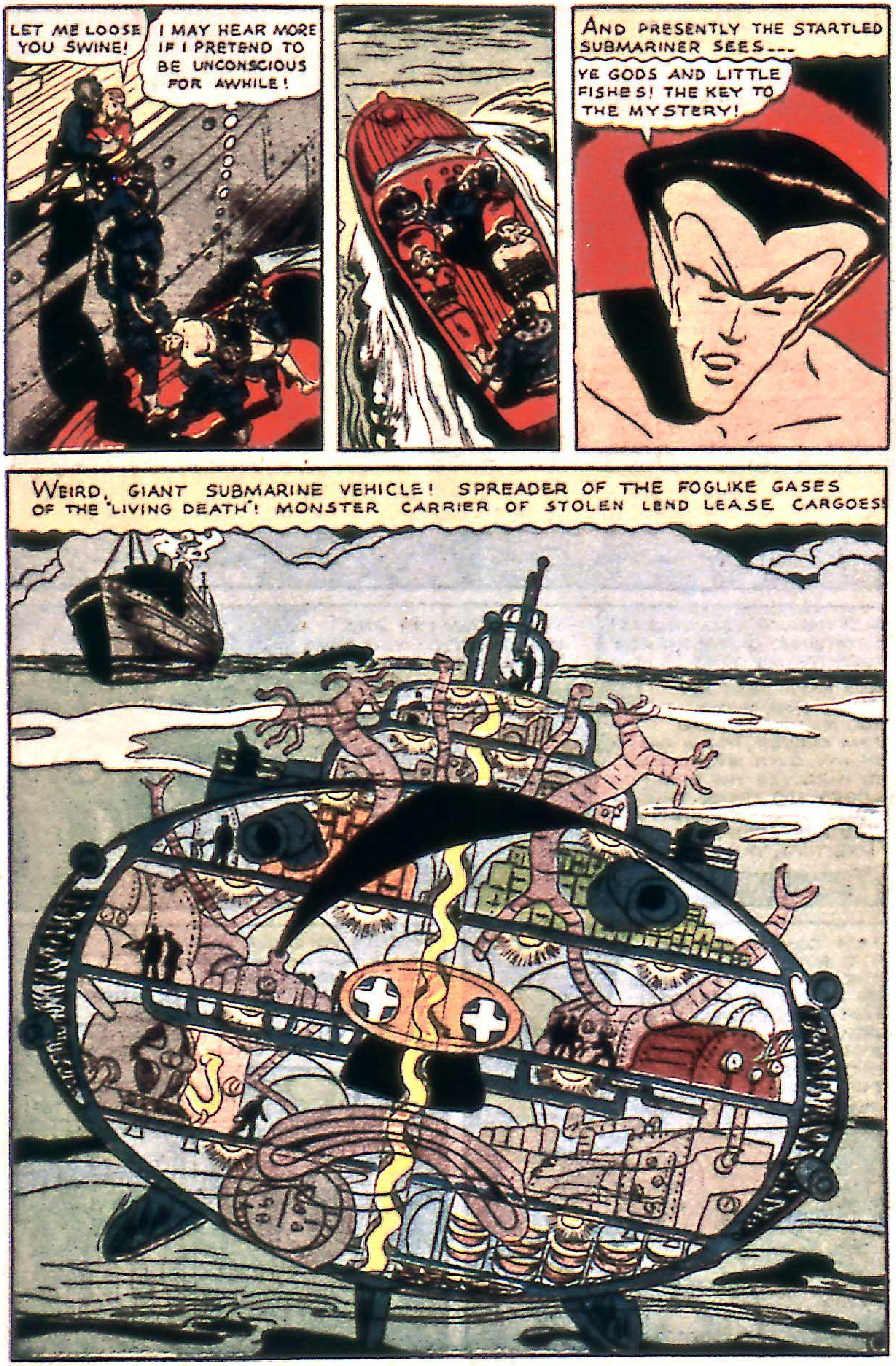

SUBMARINER CLINGS TO THE SHIP, TENSE AND ALERT FOR THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF IMPENDING DANGER!
WE'RE GETTING NEARER AND NEARER THE EXACT SPOT MARKED IN THAT NAZI'S BOOK

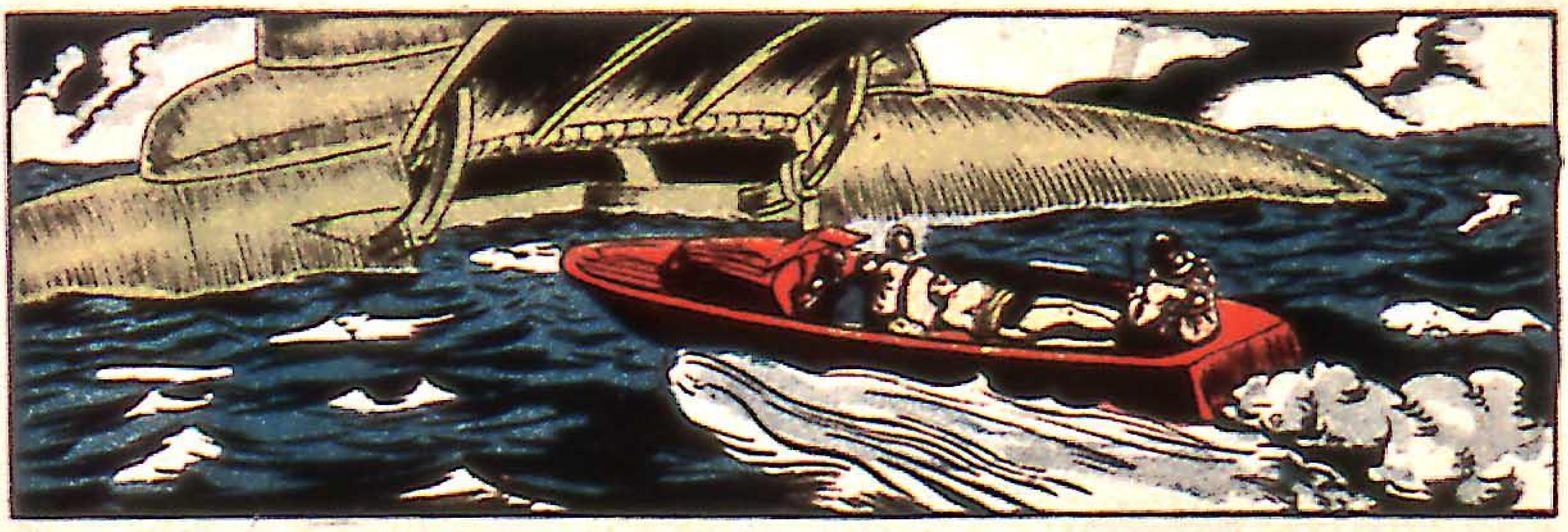

SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, WISPS OF FOG BEGIN TO CURL ABOUT THE SHIP! WEIRD, EVIL MIST OF THE LIVING-DEAD, TO ENVELOP THEM ALL IN TERROR! NAMOR MUST ACT-- AND ACT FAST!
NO WONDER THE OTHER SHIPS WERE LOST! THAT FOG CAME UP SO QUICKLY THAT NOTHING COULD ESCAPE IT! I MUST FIND BETTY-- AND SAVE HER!

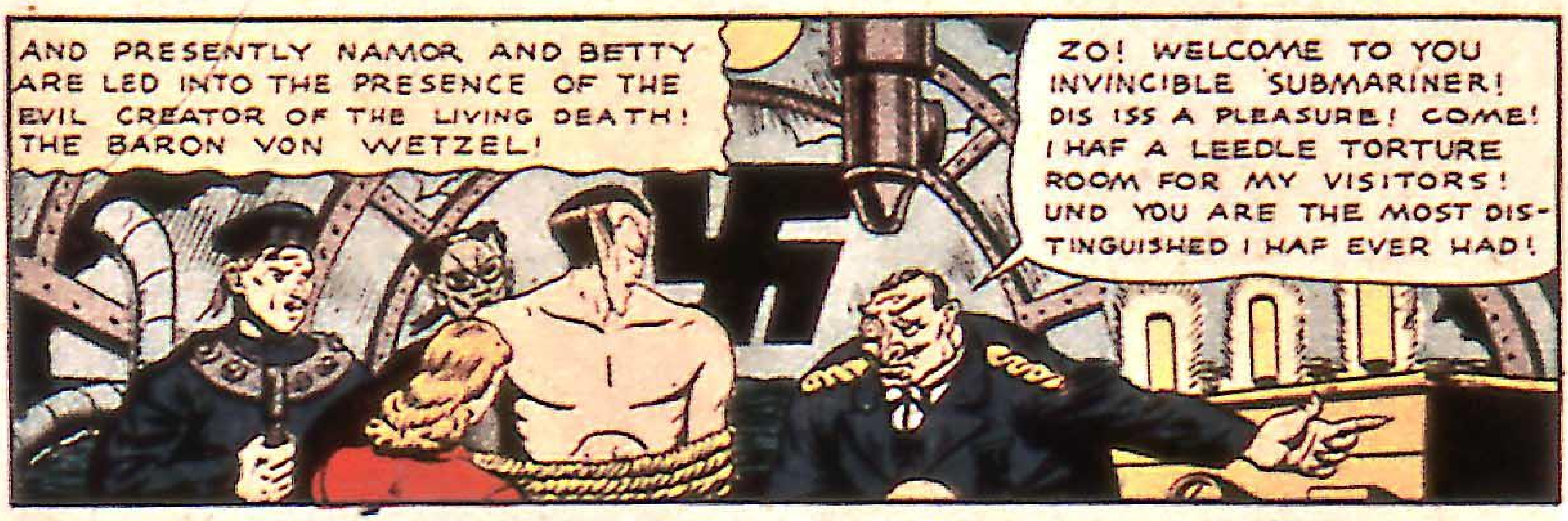

BUT ONE THING SUBMARINER FORGOT! THE FOG BRINGS LIVING DEATH TO ALL! MUST THE INVINCIBLE NAMOR, TOO, SUBMIT TO THIS HARROWING FATE?
THERE'S-- SOMETHING THE MATTER--WITH ME-- THE FOG-- I CANT MOVE---

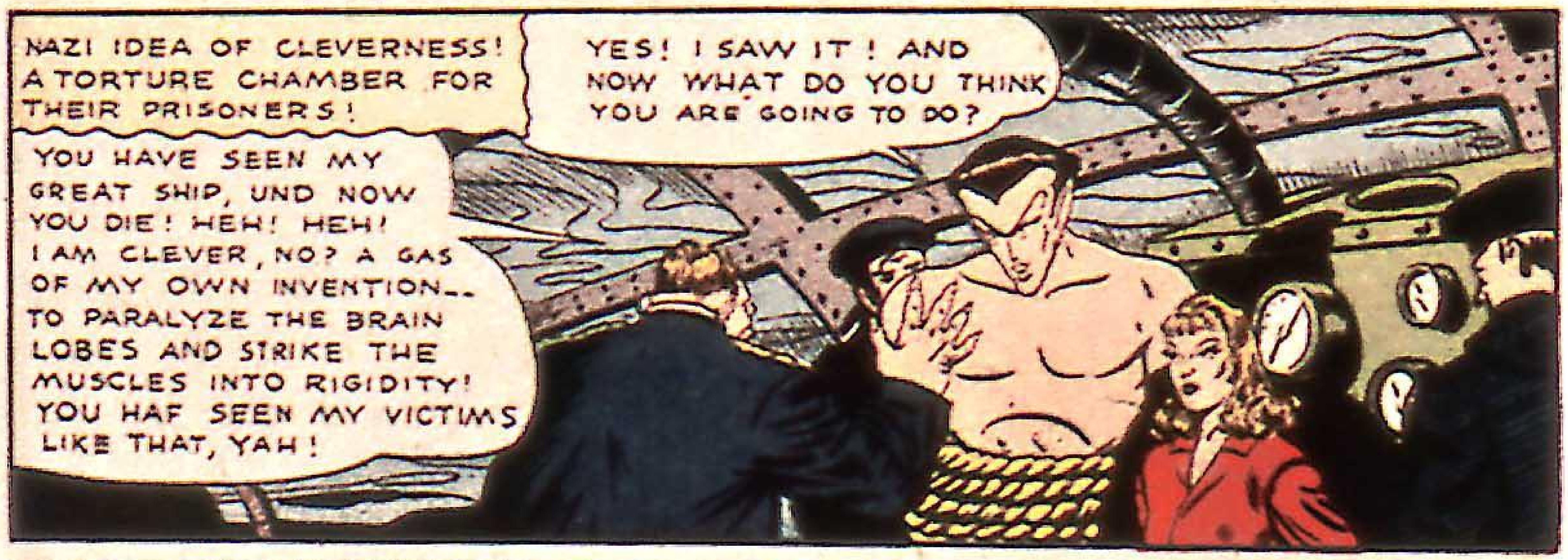
HURTLING DOWNWARD AS HE SUDDENLY LOSES ALL MUSCULAR CONTROL, NAMOR IS ALMOST STRICKEN BY THE LIVING DEATH!
SOON HIS NATIVE WATER REVIVES SUBMARINER, AND HE IS SPARED THE FULL AFFECT OF THE DEADLY FOG...
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! THAT FOG!... BETTY...!
WE SEEM TO HAVE PASSED THE FOG... BUT IT MAY HAVE MEANT THE LIVING DEATH FOR HER!
ON THE DECK...
IT'S HORRIBLE... ALL OF THEM STARING, UNSEEING... AND YET ALIVE! COULD BETTY HAVE ESCAPED THIS? I MUST FIND HER...!
PERHAPS SHE'S IN THE DINING HALL... BETTY! BETTY! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
A MOMENT BEFORE, A ROOMFUL OF CALM, UNSUSPECTING PEOPLE EATING DINNER... BUT NOW A GRIZZLY TABLEAU OF BLOOD-CURDLING HORROR...
THOSE NAZI FIENDS... I'LL GET THEM FOR THIS INHUMAN PLOT OF THEIRS, AND... WHAT'S THAT...? BETTY'S VOICE
HELP-HELP

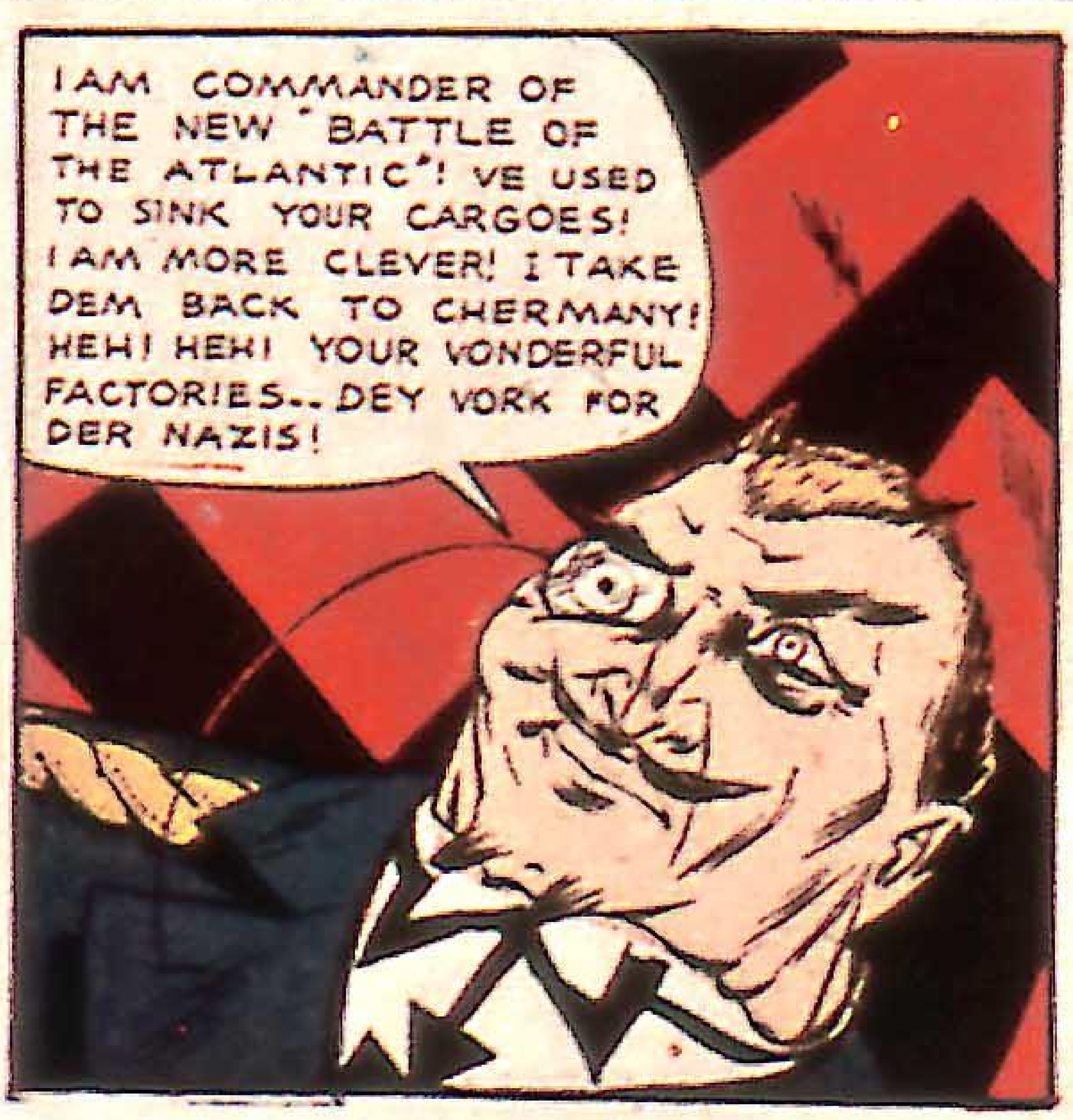
HER VOICE CAME FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BRIDGE!
REACHING THE BRIDGE SUB-MARINER FINDS---
BETTY! CAPTAIN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE BOTH SAFE
I--I GUESS WE WERE TOO HIGH FOR THE GAS TO REALLY DO US IN
FOR A MINUTE WE COULDN'T MOVE-- WE WERE IN THE FOG BEFORE WE KNEW IT--
YOU VAR RIGHT, SCHULTZ! DOT VAS DER SUB-MARINER CLIMBING DER LADDER RIGHT INTO OUR HANDS, YAH?
YAH! VE GOT YOU TRAPPED NAMOR! HEIL HITLER
GET HIM!
YAH!
WHAT TH'
NAZIS!
YOU'RE HEADIN' FOR A FALL
YEEEE-OO-O-W
UGH!
WITH SUBMARINER GONE, THERE IS NO HOPE FOR US! I'D RATHER DIE THAN SURRENDER TO YOU NAZI BEASTS!
WE'LL TIE HIM UP
CAPTAIN!!!
DER CAPTAIN THOUGHT DOT VE KILLT DER SUB-MARINER --- BUT VE ARE TOO CLEVER FOR DOT! VE TAKE HIM NOW TO DER BARON, UND DER GIRL TOO!
YAH!
YAH!
LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

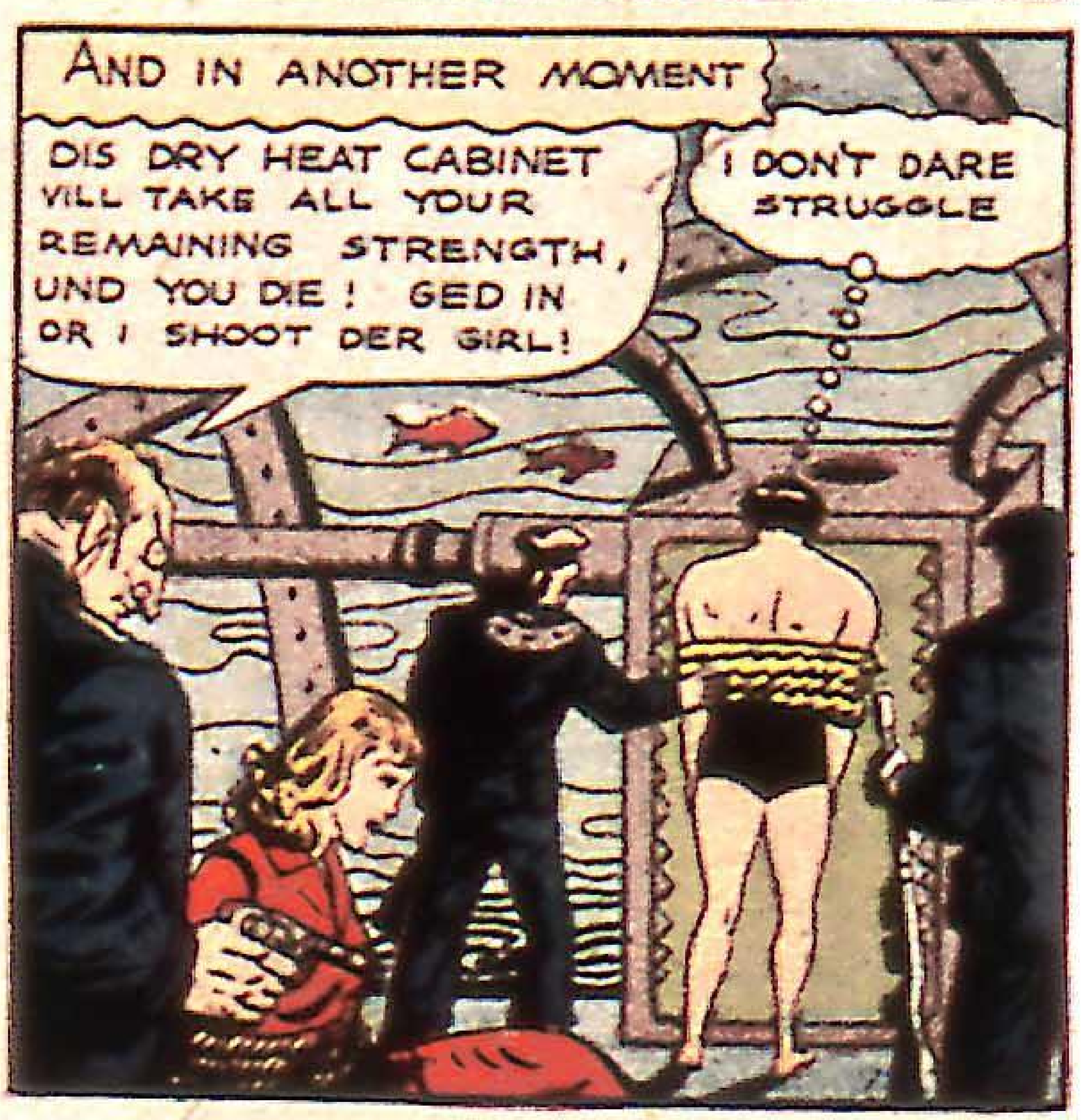

LET ME LOOSE YOU SWINE!
I MAY HEAR MORE IF I PRETEND TO BE UNCONSCIOUS FOR AWHILE!
AND PRESENTLY THE STARTLED SUBMARINER SEES---
YE GODS AND LITTLE FISHES! THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY!
WEIRD, GIANT SUBMARINE VEHICLE! SPREADER OF THE FOGLIKE GASES OF THE 'LIVING DEATH'! MONSTER CARRIER OF STOLEN LEND LEASE CARGOES!




AND PRESENTLY NAMOR AND BETTY ARE LED INTO THE PRESENCE OF THE EVIL CREATOR OF THE LIVING DEATH! THE BARON VON WETZEL!
ZO! WELCOME TO YOU INVINCIBLE SUBMARINER! DIS ISS A PLEASURE! COME! I HAF A LEEDLE TORTURE ROOM FOR MY VISITORS! UND YOU ARE THE MOST DISTINGUISHED I HAF EVER HAD!


NAZI IDEA OF CLEVERNESS! A TORTURE CHAMBER FOR THEIR PRISONERS!
YES! I SAW IT! AND NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE GOING TO DO?
YOU HAVE SEEN MY GREAT SHIP, UND NOW YOU DIE! HEH! HEH! I AM CLEVER, NO? A GAS OF MY OWN INVENTION.. TO PARALYZE THE BRAIN LOBES AND STRIKE THE MUSCLES INTO RIGIDITY! YOU HAF SEEN MY VICTIMS LIKE THAT, YAH!


I AM COMMANDER OF THE NEW "BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC"! VE USED TO SINK YOUR CARGOES! I AM MORE CLEVER! I TAKE DEM BACK TO CHERMANY! HEH! HEH! YOUR VONDERFUL FACTORIES.. DEY VORK FOR DER NAZIS!


AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT
DIS DRY HEAT CABINET VILL TAKE ALL YOUR REMAINING STRENGTH, UND YOU DIE! GED IN OR I SHOOT DER GIRL!
I DON'T DARE STRUGGLE

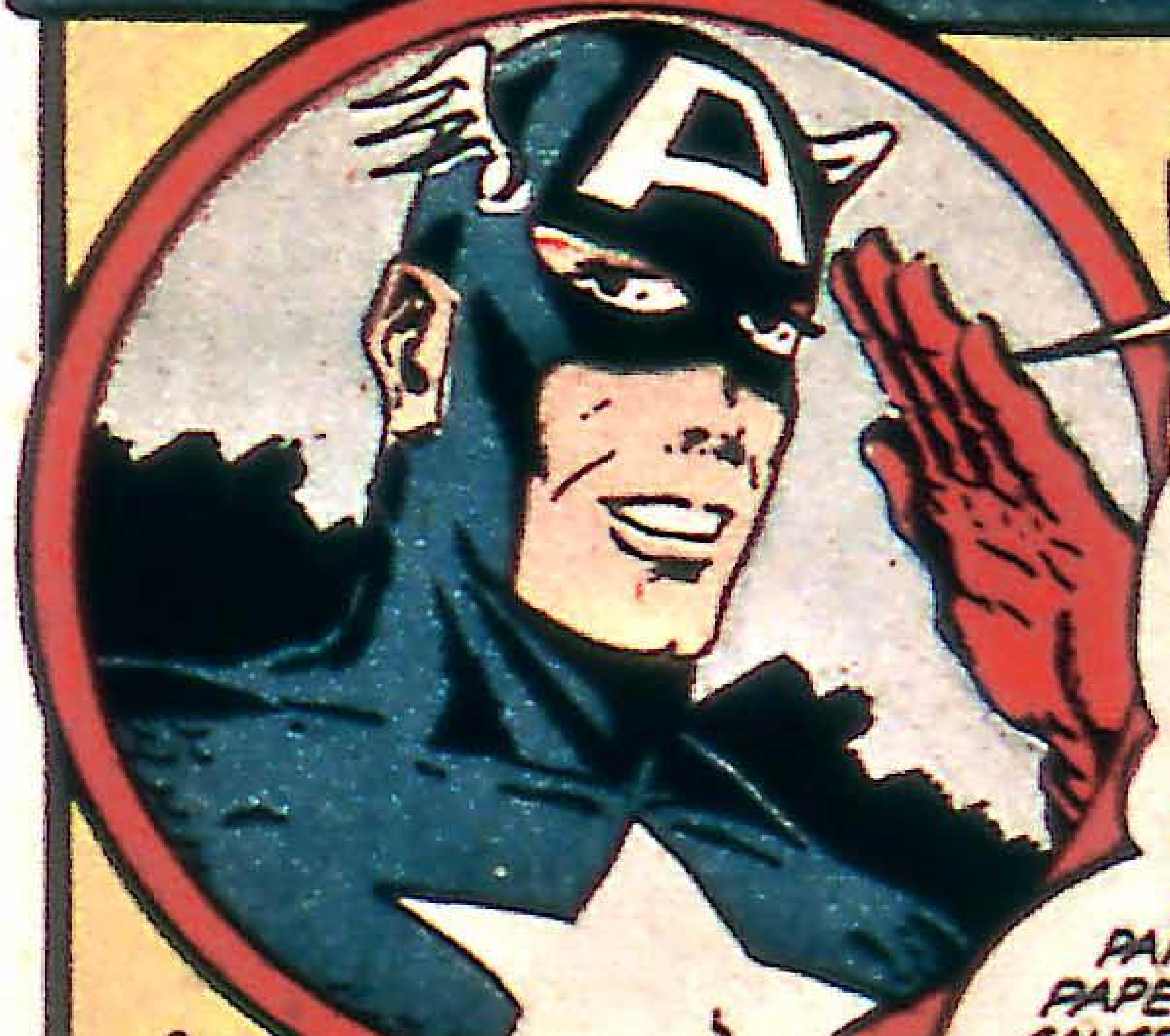
HIS STRENGTH FAST GOING--- IS THIS TO BE SUBMARINER'S END
I FEEL TERRIBLY WEAK--
BARON, DER NEXT SHIP VE STRIKE ISS NOW IN SIGHT! DER RED CROSS LINER FROM NEW YORK.
WHY--THAT'S THE VESSEL WITH OVER A THOUSAND RED CROSS NURSES ON IT!
DER SHIPLOAD OF NURSES! GOOT! FILL DER GAS CHAMBERS! STAND BY AT DER GAS-VENTS!
WHAT CAN I DO? IF ONLY I HAD MY STRENGTH!! THESE FIENDS
WHILE NEARBY, ON A CALM, MOONLIGHT SEA, HEADING FOR ITS DOOM--
WHAT CAN SUBMARINER DO?
A LEEDLE MORE TORTURE FOR YOU, SUBMARINER AS YOU DIE! DOT DRIPPING WATER--IT SOUNDS GOOD, EH? YOU LIKE DER SOUND?
WHY--IF I CAN---
WITH A SUDDEN DESPAIRING LUNGE THE BOUND GIRL TUMBLES HERSELF FORWARD! AND THEN---
S-P-L-A-S-H
AS THE WATER HITS SUBMARINER-- HIS POWER SURGES THRU HIS BODY--
WOW! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! THANKS BETTY
ACH! HIMMEL! DER VERDAMMTE GOTTERDAMMERUNG!
C-R-A-C-K

LIE STILL NOW BETTY! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE!
DOWN AND OUT FOR YOU, BARON!
THIS FRAIL HULL-WALL OUGHT TO BE EASY! HOLD YOUR BREATH BETTY, WE'RE GOING OUT!
C-R-U-M-P
AS THE DELUGE OF WATER FLOODS THE GIANT VESSEL, SHORT CIRCUITING ITS ELECTRIC MECHANISMS--
THOSE NAZIS WILL BLOW RIGHT UP TO THEIR VALHALLA IN ABOUT A SECOND
A MOMENT LATER-
IT'S SUBMARINER! LOOK, HE SAVED A GIRL FROM THAT EXPLOSION!
SUBMARINER EXPLAINS THE MYSTERY OF---
AND THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE "LIVING DEATH," CAPTAIN! CERTAINLY A WEIRD NAZI PLOT!
AND IT'S SMASHED, THANKS TO YOU SUBMARINER!
ISN'T HE GRAND?
HE SAVED OUR LIVES
The End

URGENT!

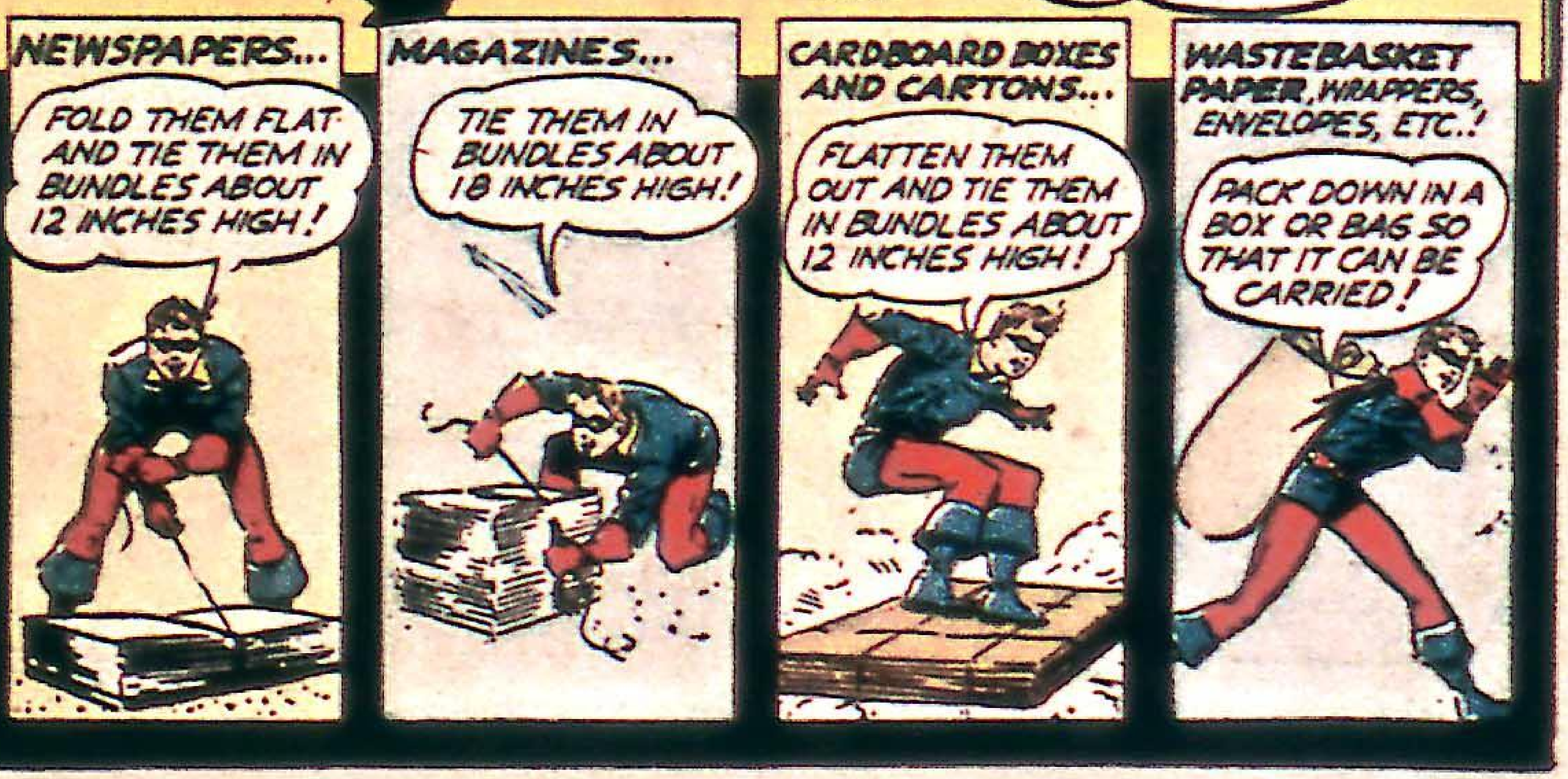
SENTINELS OF LIBERTY!

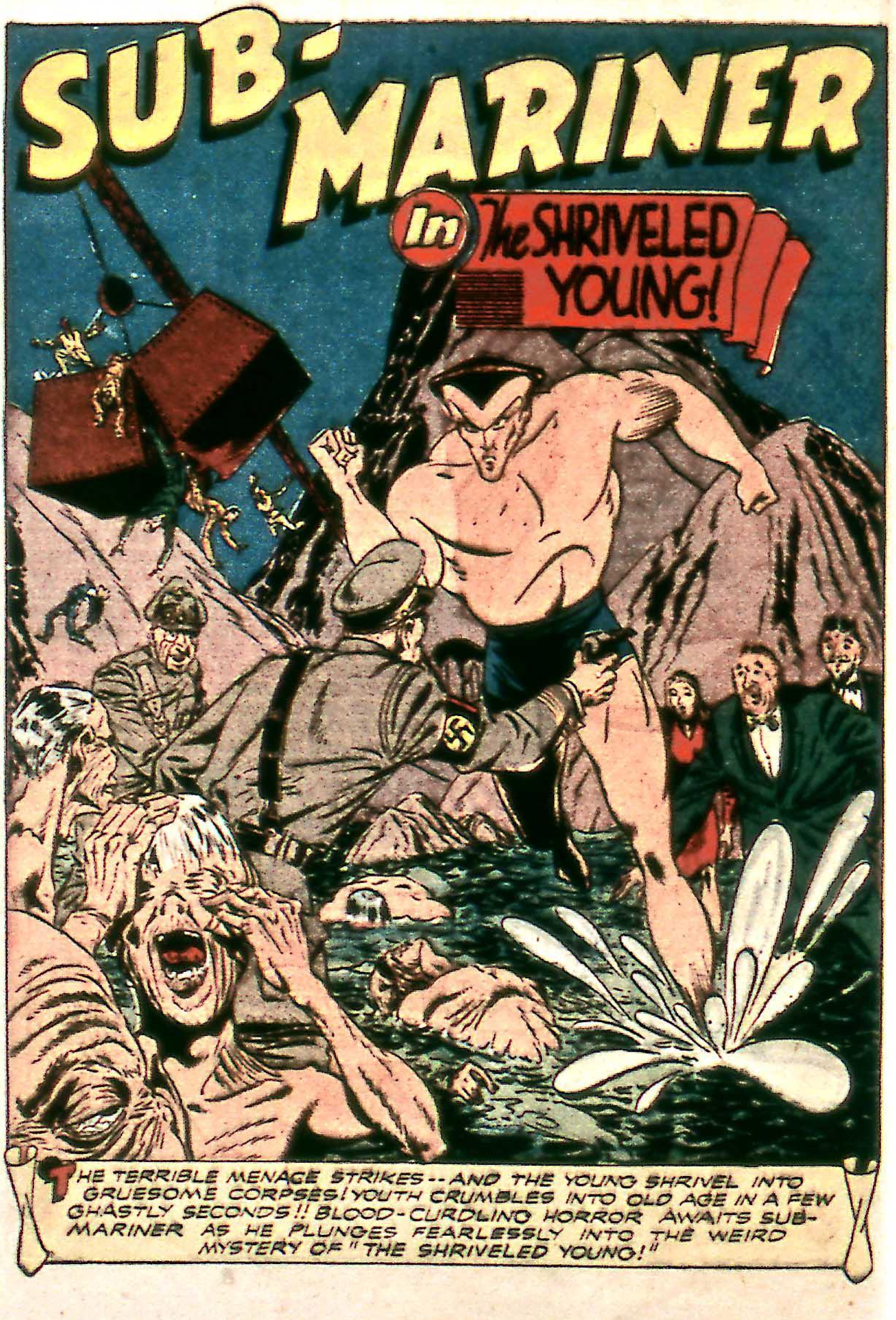
A VITAL MESSAGE from CAPTAIN AMERICA!

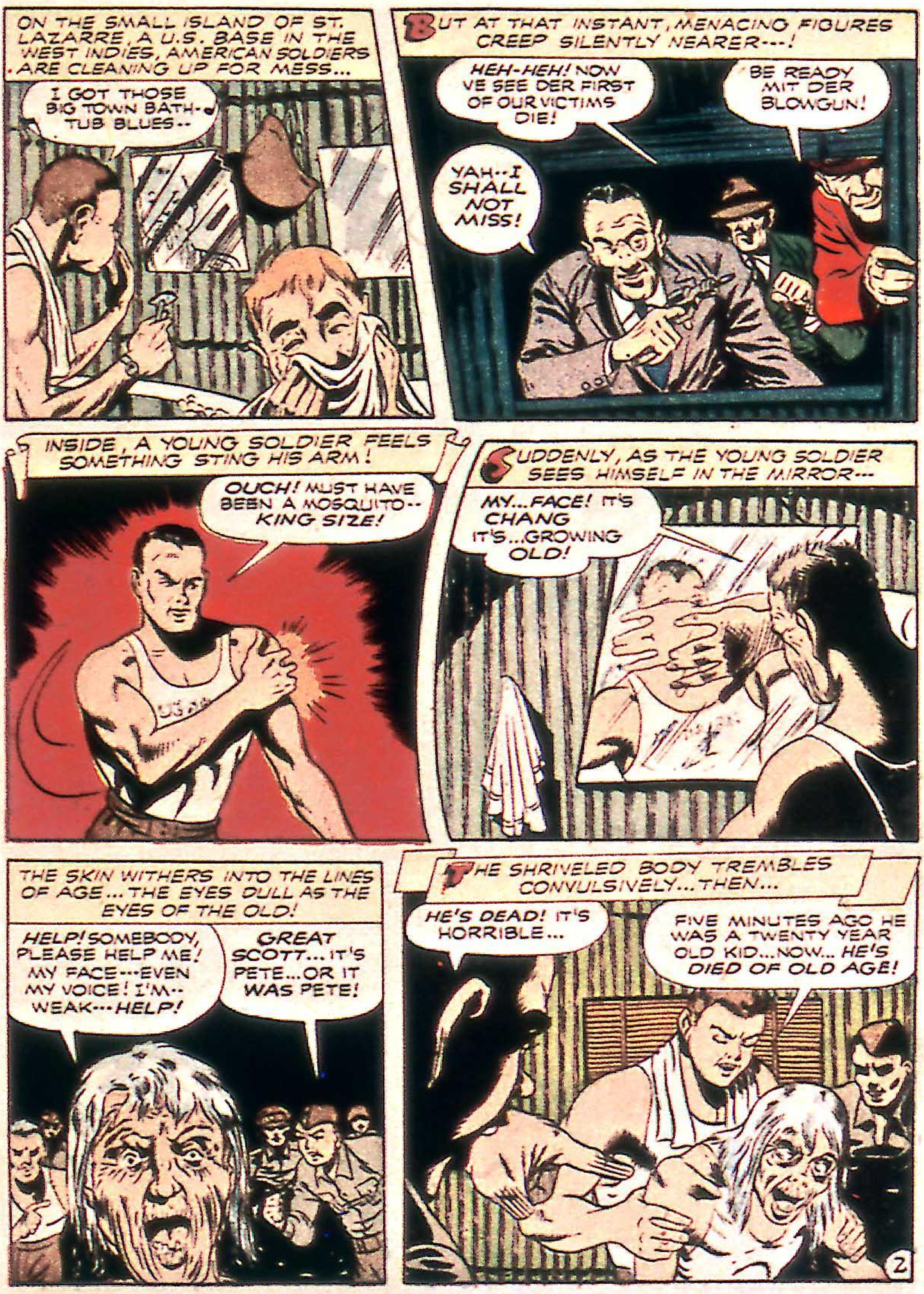

HELLO, KIDS!
YOU'RE IN THIS WAR EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T CARRY A GUN, RIDE A TANK, A JEEP, OR PILOT A PLANE! YOU CAN DO YOUR PART IN WINNING THIS WAR BY **JOINING THE WASTE PAPER DRIVE!**
GATHER THE KIDS IN YOUR BLOCK... MAKE A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE CANVASS FOR PAPER... ANY OLD PAPER, MAGAZINES, BOXES, STORE BAGS, ENVELOPES, NEWSPAPERS, CORRUGATED PAPER!
PAPER IS A WEAPON OF WAR! A MIGHTY WEAPON! EVERY GUN, BULLET... EVERY PIECE OF AMMUNITION USED TO SMASH THE UNHOLY JAPS AND NAZIS IS SHIPPED IN PAPER CONTAINERS! U.S. ARMY FIELD RATION "K" IS PACKED IN FOLDING CARTONS! AND MANY MANY OTHER THINGS, TOO! TO MAKE **NEW** PAPER WE MUST HAVE THE **OLD**! TO DAY PAPER IS NEEDED MORE THAN EVER! WAR CAUSES SHORTAGES... THERE IS A SHORTAGE OF PAPER... TO AN ALARMING DEGREE! SO... GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR NEAREST LOCAL SALVAGE COMMITTEE, AND ASK THEM HOW YOU AND YOUR CHUMS CAN CONTRIBUTE TO THE WAR EFFORT...
DO IT NOW ... THIS MINUTE!
BUCKY SHOWS YOU HOW TO PACK THIS PRECIOUS PAPER BEFORE TURNING IT OVER TO THE SALVAGE COMMITTEE!
THANKS, KIDS!

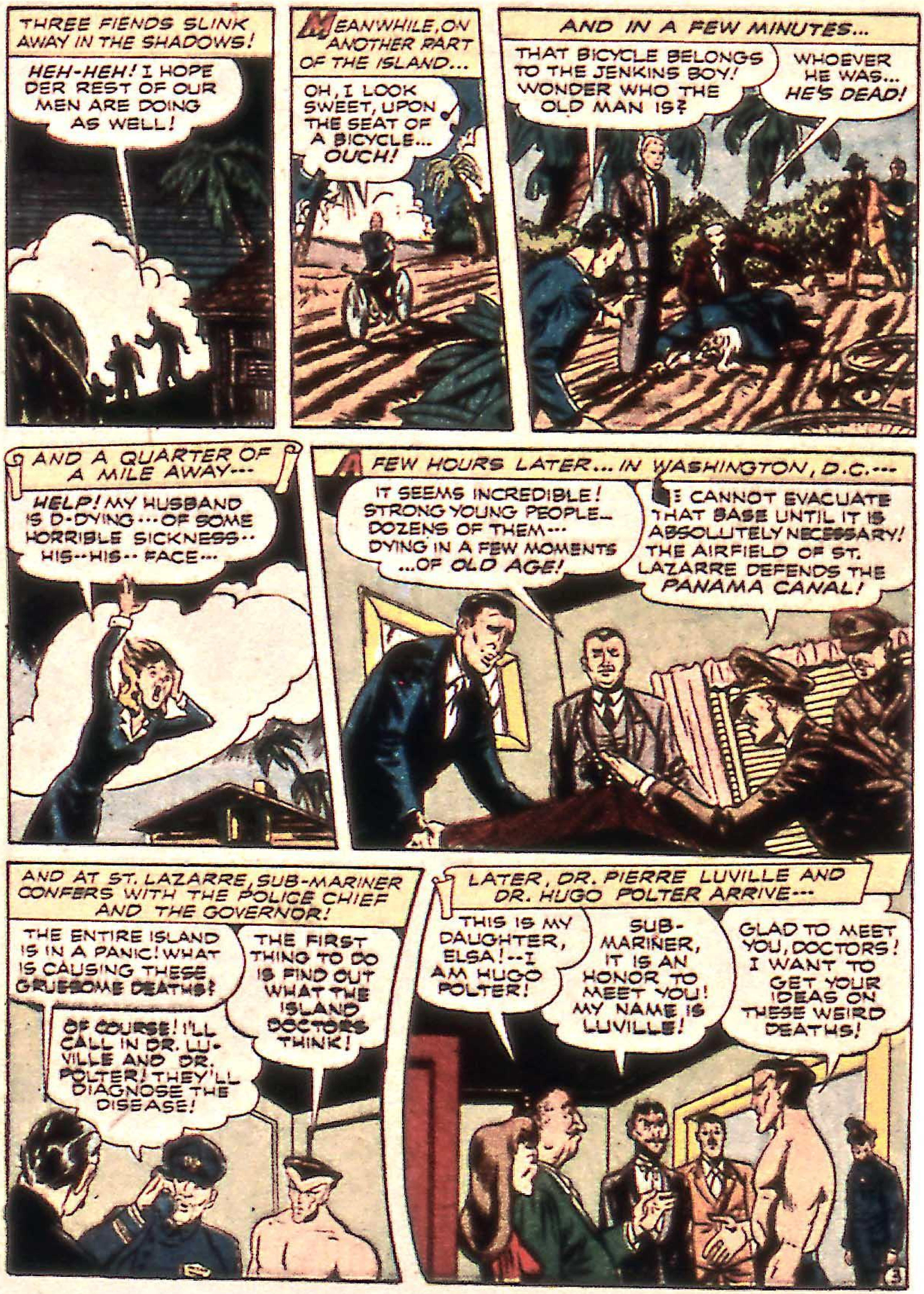
HOW TO SAVE YOUR PAPER

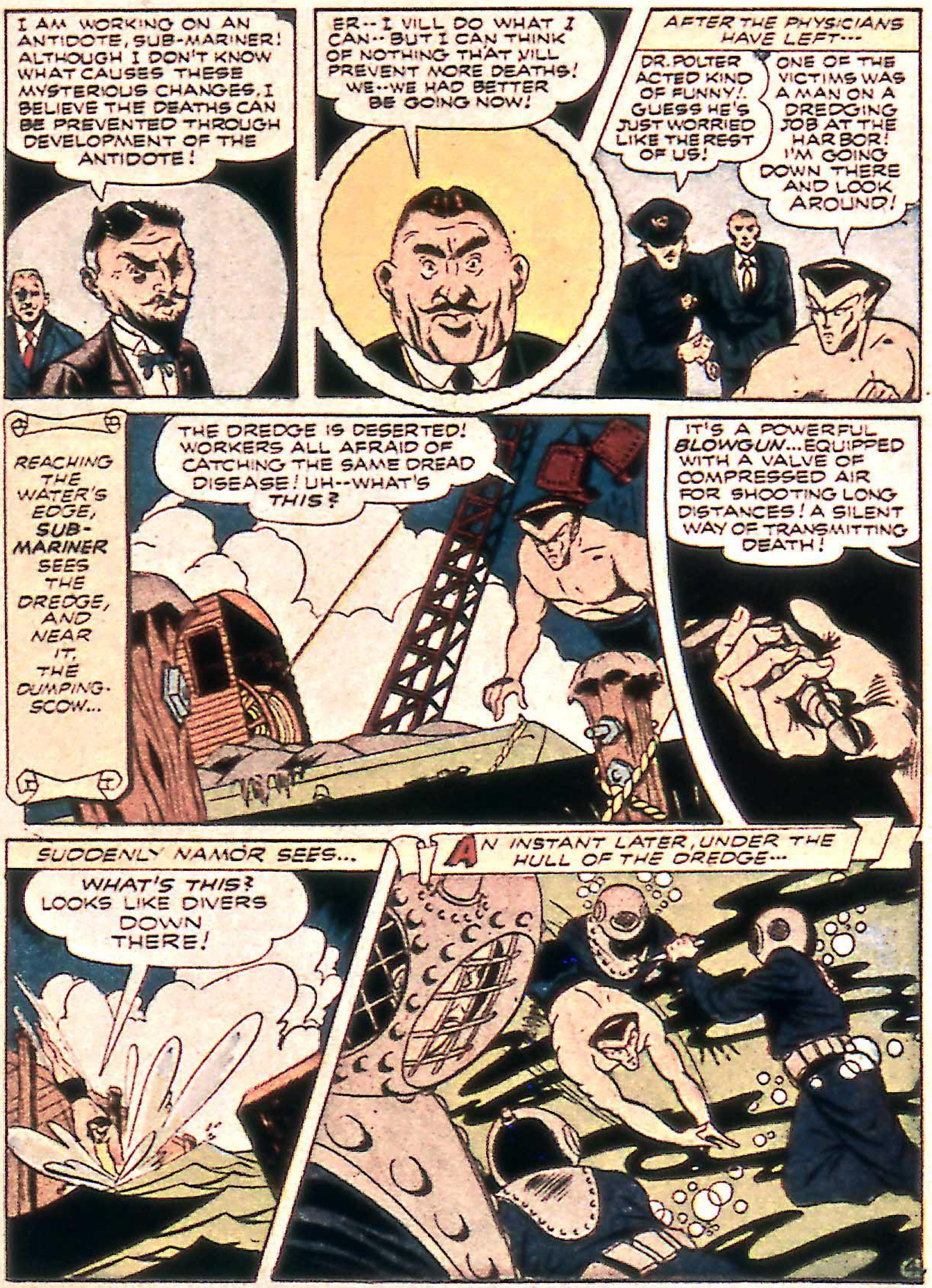
FOR EASY HANDLING!

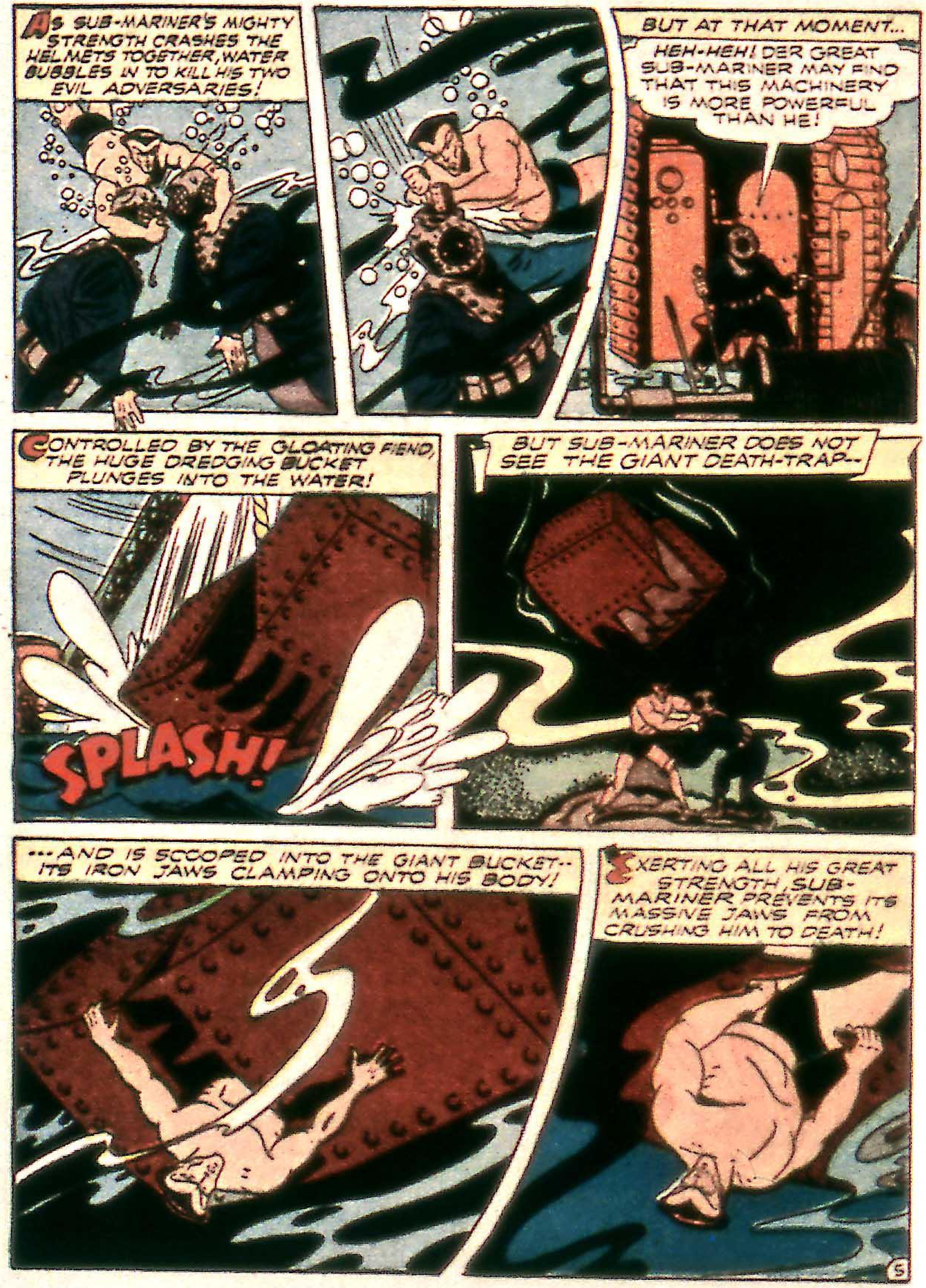

NEWSPAPERS...
FOLD THEM FLAT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
MAGAZINES...
TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 18 INCHES HIGH!
CARDBOARD BOXES AND CARTONS...
FLATTEN THEM OUT AND TIE THEM IN BUNDLES ABOUT 12 INCHES HIGH!
WASTEBASKET PAPER, WRAPPERS, ENVELOPES, ETC.!
PACK DOWN IN A BOX OR BAG SO THAT IT CAN BE CARRIED!

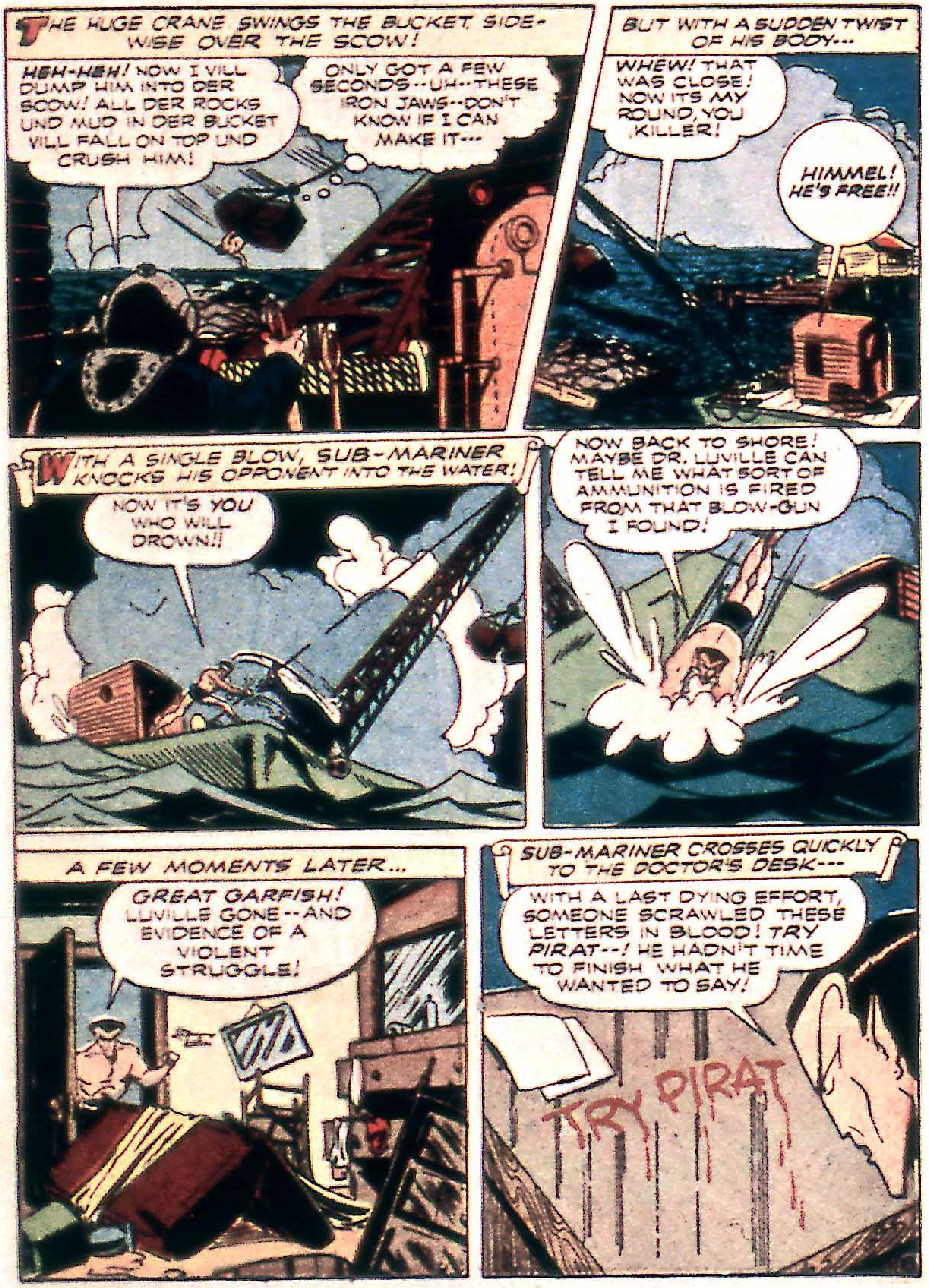

SUB-MARINER
In The SHRIVELED YOUNG!
THE TERRIBLE MENACE STRIKES--AND THE YOUNG SHRIVEL INTO GRUESOME CORPSES! YOUTH CRUMBLES INTO OLD AGE IN A FEW GHASTLY SECONDS!! BLOOD-CURDLING HORROR AWAITS SUB-MARINER AS HE PLUNGES FEARLESSLY INTO THE WEIRD MYSTERY OF "THE SHRIVELED YOUNG!"

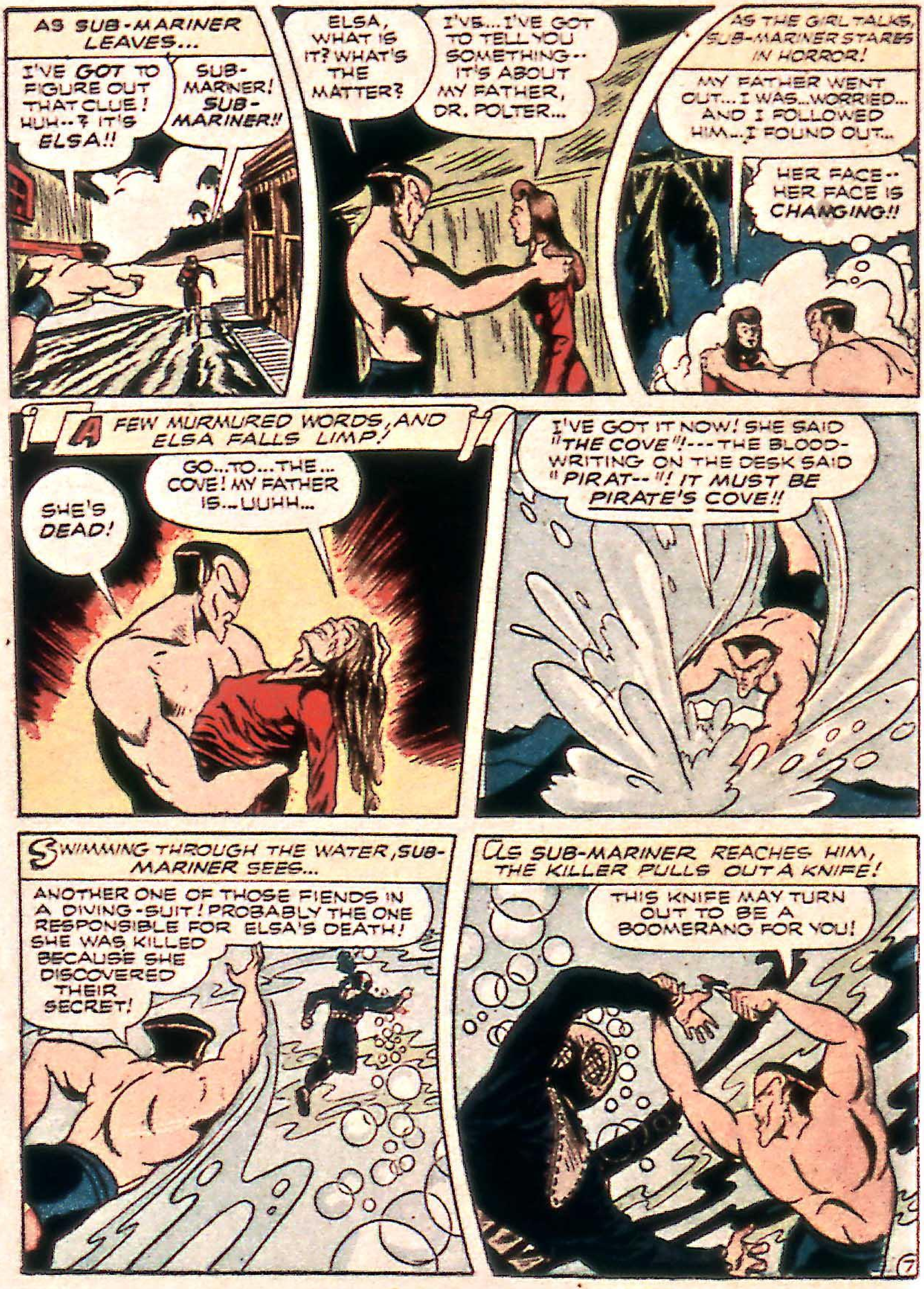

ON THE SMALL ISLAND OF ST. LAZARRE, A U.S. BASE IN THE WEST INDIES, AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE CLEANING UP FOR MESS...
I GOT THOSE BIG TOWN BATH-TUB BLUES--
BUT AT THAT INSTANT, MENACING FIGURES CREEP SILENTLY NEARER---!
HEH-HEH! NOW VE SEE DER FIRST OF OUR VICTIMS DIE!
BE READY MIT DER BLOWGUN!
YAH--I SHALL NOT MISS!
INSIDE, A YOUNG SOLDIER FEELS SOMETHING STING HIS ARM!
OUCH! MUST HAVE BEEN A MOSQUITO--KING SIZE!
SUDDENLY, AS THE YOUNG SOLDIER SEES HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR---
MY...FACE! IT'S CHANG IT'S...GROWING OLD!
THE SKIN WITHERS INTO THE LINES OF AGE... THE EYES DULL AS THE EYES OF THE OLD!
HELP! SOMEBODY, PLEASE HELP ME! MY FACE---EVEN MY VOICE! I'M--WEAK---HELP!
GREAT SCOTT... IT'S PETE...OR IT WAS PETE!
THE SHRIVELED BODY TREMBLES CONVULSIVELY... THEN...
HE'S DEAD! IT'S HORRIBLE...
FIVE MINUTES AGO HE WAS A TWENTY YEAR OLD KID...NOW... HE'S DIED OF OLD AGE!

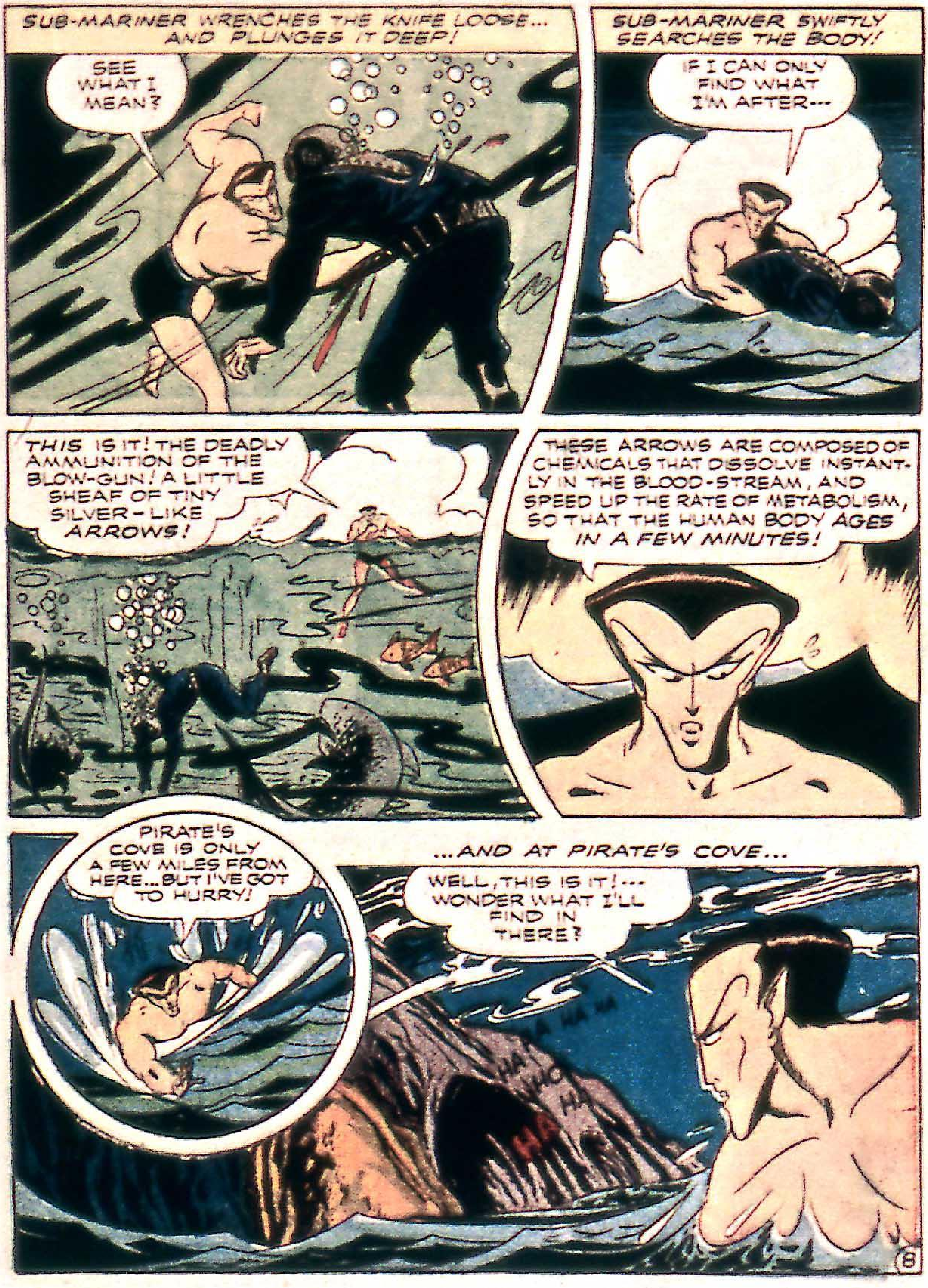

THREE FIENDS SLINK AWAY IN THE SHADOWS!
HEH-HEH! I HOPE DER REST OF OUR MEN ARE DOING AS WELL!
MEANWHILE, ON ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND...
OH, I LOOK SWEET, UPON THE SEAT OF A BICYCLE... OUCH!
AND IN A FEW MINUTES...
THAT BICYCLE BELONGS TO THE JENKINS BOY! WONDER WHO THE OLD MAN IS?
WHOEVER HE WAS... HE'S DEAD!
AND A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY---
HELP! MY HUSBAND IS D-DYING---OF SOME HORRIBLE SICKNESS-- HIS--HIS-- FACE---
A FEW HOURS LATER... IN WASHINGTON, D.C.---
IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! STRONG YOUNG PEOPLE... DOZENS OF THEM--- DYING IN A FEW MOMENTS ...OF OLD AGE!
WE CANNOT EVACUATE THAT BASE UNTIL IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY! THE AIRFIELD OF ST. LAZARRE DEFENDS THE PANAMA CANAL!
AND AT ST. LAZARRE, SUB-MARINER CONFERS WITH THE POLICE CHIEF AND THE GOVERNOR!
THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS IN A PANIC! WHAT IS CAUSING THESE GRUESOME DEATHS?
THE FIRST THING TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT THE ISLAND DOCTORS THINK!
OF COURSE! I'LL CALL IN DR. LUVILLE AND DR. POLTER! THEY'LL DIAGNOSE THE DISEASE!
LATER, DR. PIERRE LUVILLE AND DR. HUGO POLTER ARRIVE---
THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, ELSA! --I AM HUGO POLTER!
SUB-MARINER, IT IS AN HONOR TO MEET YOU! MY NAME IS LUVILLE!
GLAD TO MEET YOU, DOCTORS! I WANT TO GET YOUR IDEAS ON THESE WEIRD DEATHS!
3

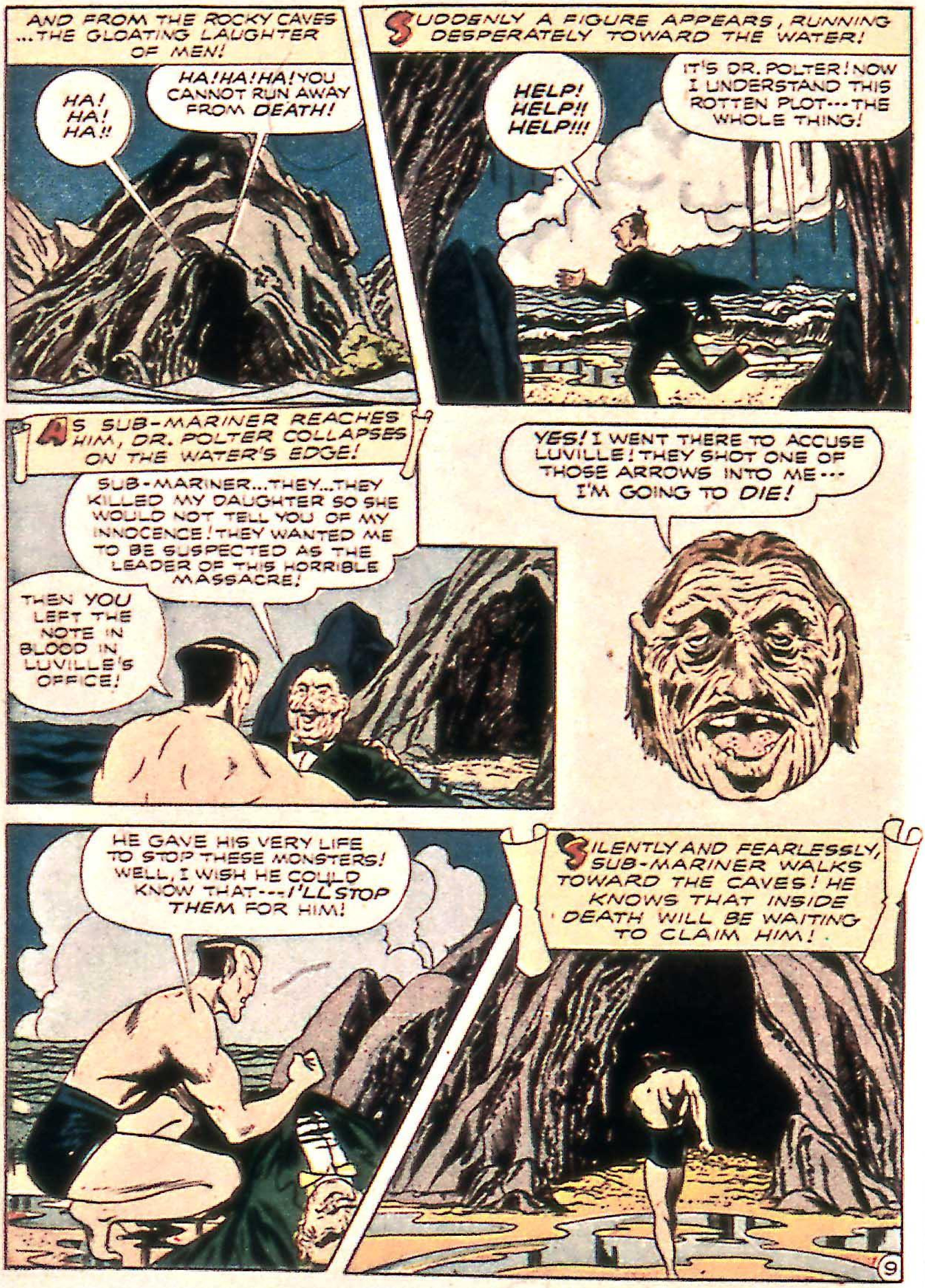

I AM WORKING ON AN ANTIDOTE, SUB-MARINER! ALTHOUGH I DON'T KNOW WHAT CAUSES THESE MYSTERIOUS CHANGES, I BELIEVE THE DEATHS CAN BE PREVENTED THROUGH DEVELOPMENT OF THE ANTIDOTE!
ER-- I VILL DO WHAT I CAN-- BUT I CAN THINK OF NOTHING THAT VILL PREVENT MORE DEATHS! WE--WE HAD BETTER BE GOING NOW!
AFTER THE PHYSICIANS HAVE LEFT---
DR. POLTER ACTED KIND OF FUNNY!. GUESS HE'S JUST WORRIED LIKE THE REST OF US!
ONE OF THE VICTIMS WAS A MAN ON A DREDGING JOB AT THE HARBOR! I'M GOING DOWN THERE AND LOOK AROUND!
REACHING THE WATER'S EDGE, SUB-MARINER SEES THE DREDGE, AND NEAR IT, THE DUMPING-SCOW...
THE DREDGE IS DESERTED! WORKERS ALL AFRAID OF CATCHING THE SAME DREAD DISEASE! UH--WHAT'S THIS?
IT'S A POWERFUL BLOWGUN...EQUIPPED WITH A VALVE OF COMPRESSED AIR FOR SHOOTING LONG DISTANCES! A SILENT WAY OF TRANSMITTING DEATH!
SUDDENLY NAMOR SEES...
WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE DIVERS DOWN THERE!
AN INSTANT LATER, UNDER THE HULL OF THE DREDGE---

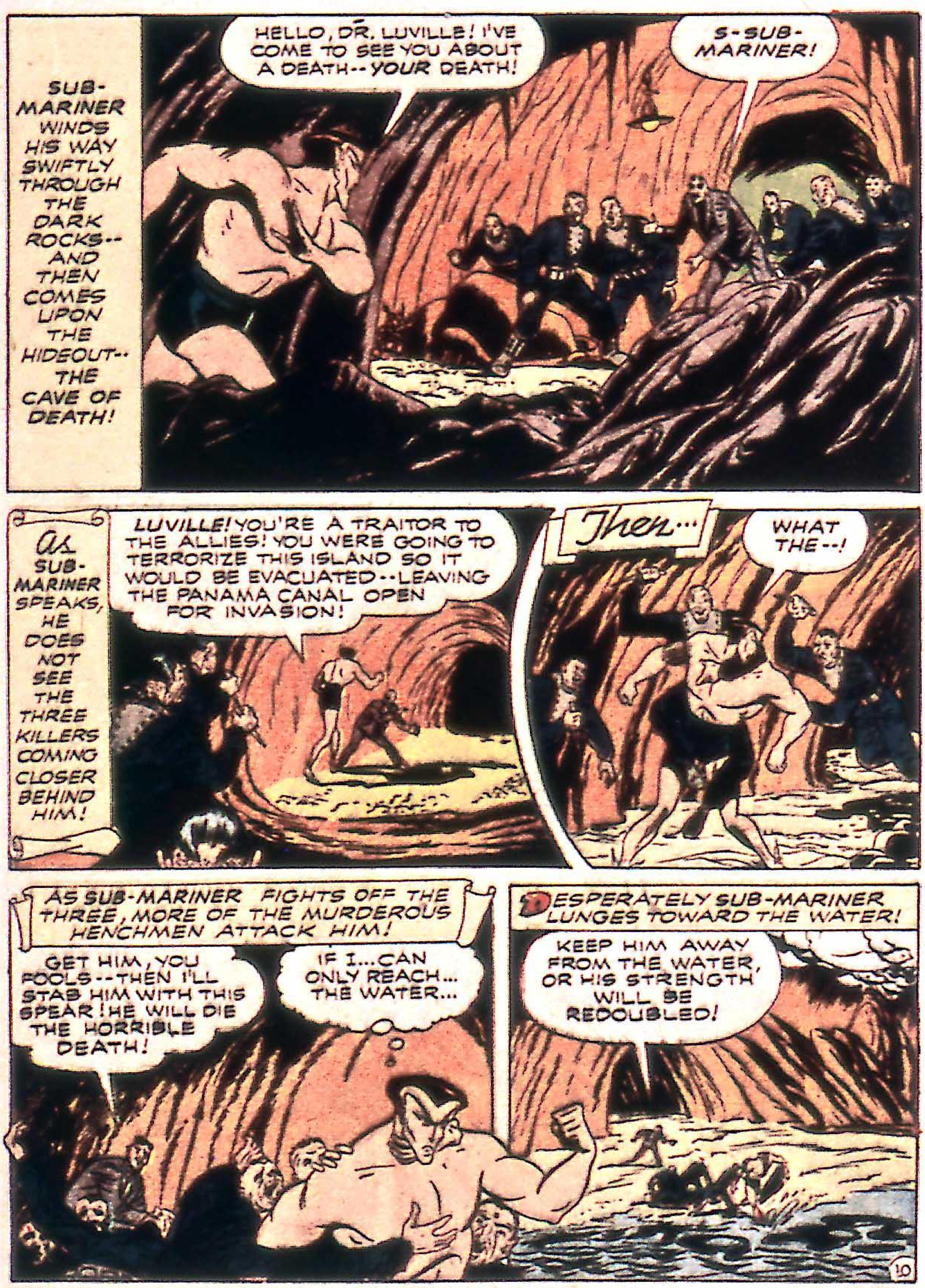

AS SUB-MARINER'S MIGHTY STRENGTH CRASHES THE HELMETS TOGETHER, WATER BUBBLES IN TO KILL HIS TWO EVIL ADVERSARIES!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT...
HEH-HEH! DER GREAT SUB-MARINER MAY FIND THAT THIS MACHINERY IS MORE POWERFUL THAN HE!
CONTROLLED BY THE GLOATING FIEND, THE HUGE DREDGING BUCKET PLUNGES INTO THE WATER!
SPLASH!
BUT SUB-MARINER DOES NOT SEE THE GIANT DEATH-TRAP--
...AND IS SCOOPED INTO THE GIANT BUCKET-- ITS IRON JAWS CLAMPING ONTO HIS BODY!
EXERTING ALL HIS GREAT STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER PREVENTS ITS MASSIVE JAWS FROM CRUSHING HIM TO DEATH!

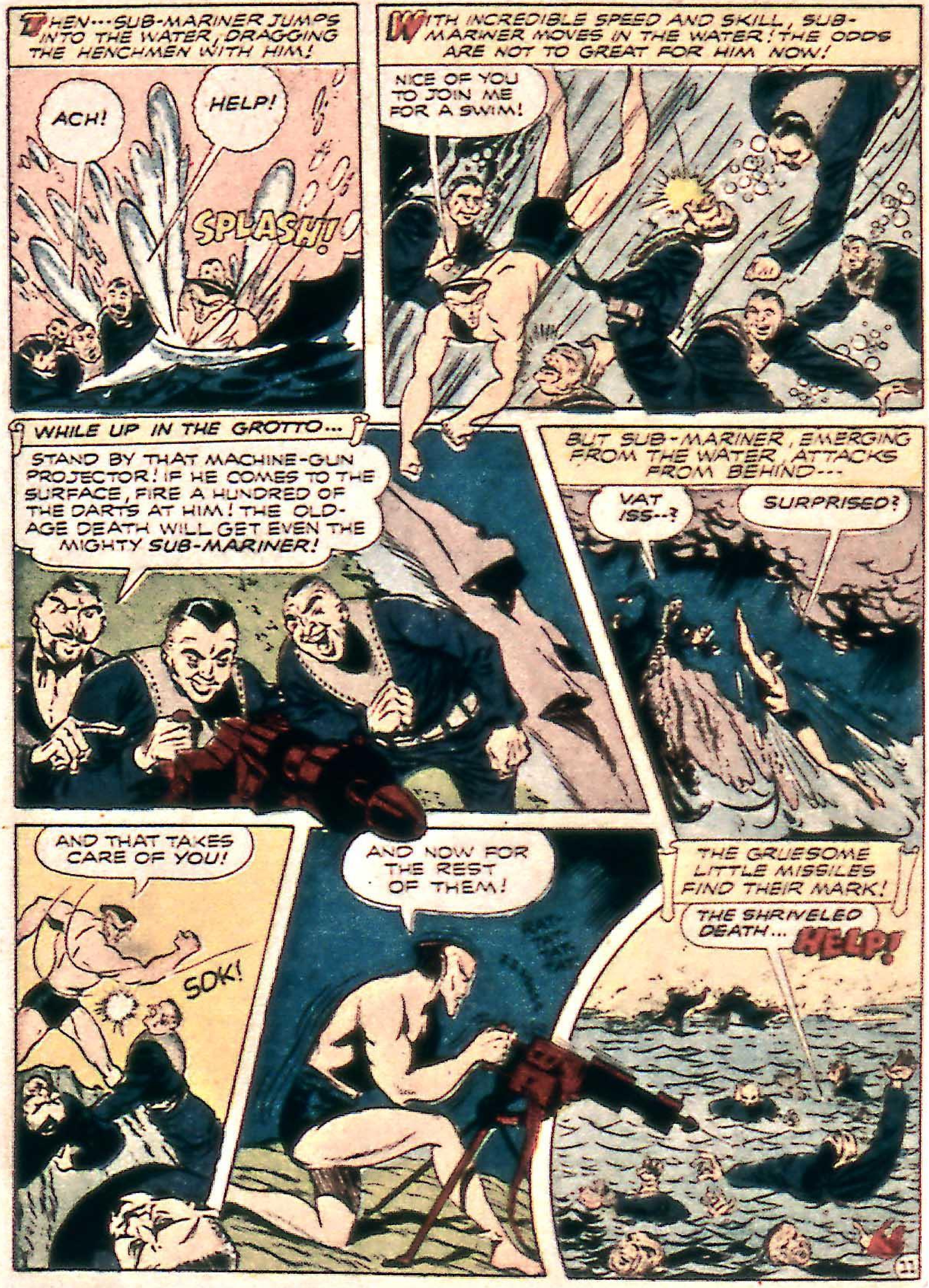

THE HUGE CRANE SWINGS THE BUCKET SIDE-WISE OVER THE SCOW!
HEH-HEH! NOW I VILL DUMP HIM INTO DER SCOW! ALL DER ROCKS UND MUD IN DER BUCKET VILL FALL ON TOP UND CRUSH HIM!
ONLY GOT A FEW SECONDS--UH--THESE IRON JAWS--DON'T KNOW IF I CAN MAKE IT---
BUT WITH A SUDDEN TWIST OF HIS BODY---
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW ITS MY ROUND, YOU KILLER!
HIMMEL! HE'S FREE!!
WITH A SINGLE BLOW, SUB-MARINER KNOCKS HIS OPPONENT INTO THE WATER!
NOW IT'S YOU WHO WILL DROWN!!
NOW BACK TO SHORE! MAYBE DR. LUVILLE CAN TELL ME WHAT SORT OF AMMUNITION IS FIRED FROM THAT BLOW-GUN I FOUND!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
GREAT GARFISH! LUVILLE GONE--AND EVIDENCE OF A VIOLENT STRUGGLE!
SUB-MARINER CROSSES QUICKLY TO THE DOCTOR'S DESK---
WITH A LAST DYING EFFORT, SOMEONE SCRAWLED THESE LETTERS IN BLOOD! TRY PIRAT--! HE HADN'T TIME TO FINISH WHAT HE WANTED TO SAY!
TRY PIRAT

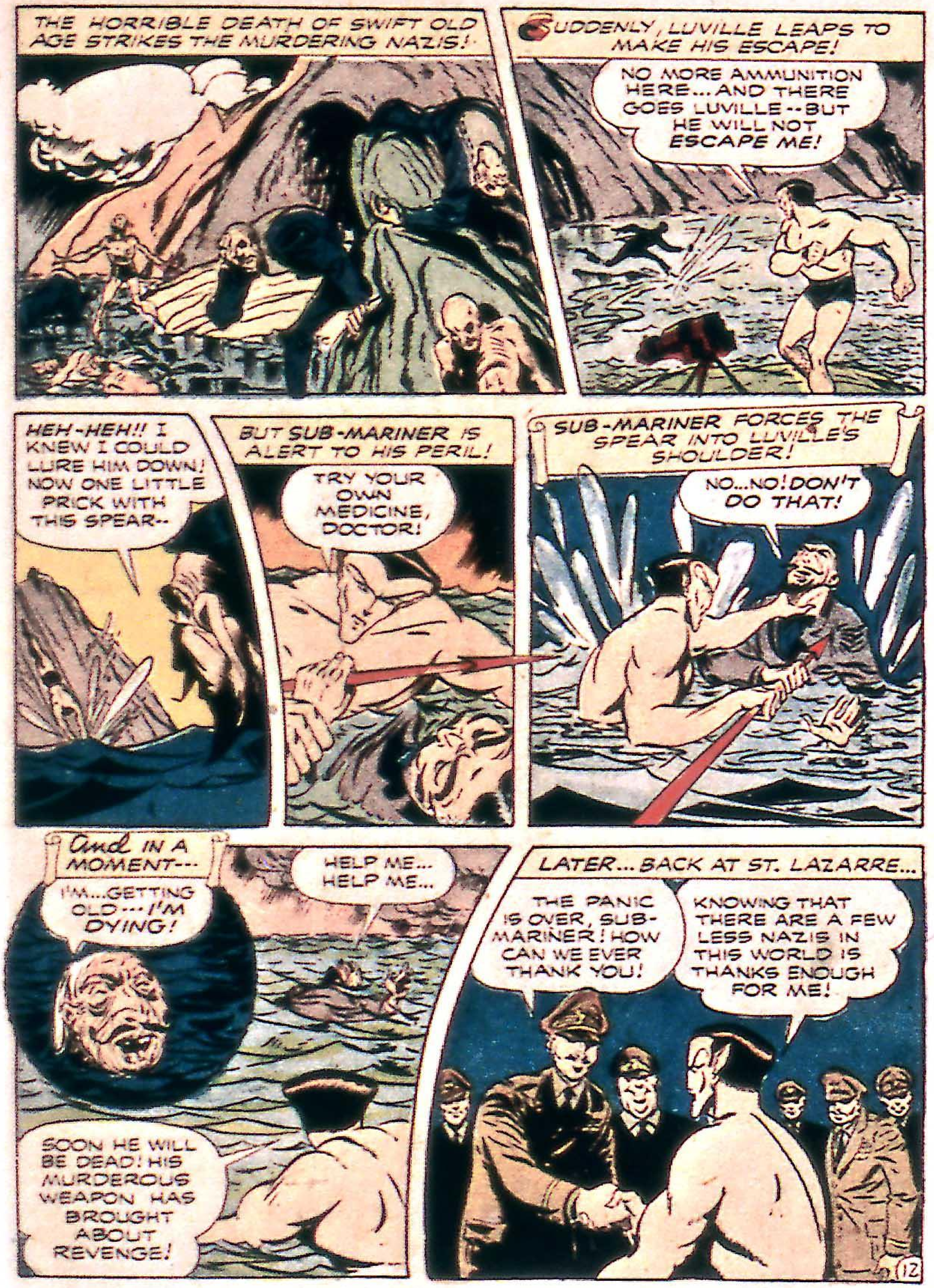

AS SUB-MARINER LEAVES...
I'VE *GOT* TO FIGURE OUT THAT CLUE! HUH--? IT'S *ELSA!!*
SUB-MARINER! *SUB-MARINER!!*
ELSA, WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I'VE... I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING-- IT'S ABOUT MY FATHER, DR. POLTER...
AS THE GIRL TALKS, SUB-MARINER STARES IN HORROR!
MY FATHER WENT OUT... I WAS...WORRIED... AND I FOLLOWED HIM...I FOUND OUT...
HER FACE-- HER FACE IS *CHANGING!!*
A FEW MURMURED WORDS, AND ELSA FALLS LIMP!
GO...TO...THE... COVE! MY FATHER IS...UUHH...
SHE'S *DEAD!*
I'VE GOT IT NOW! SHE SAID "*THE COVE*"!--- THE BLOOD-WRITING ON THE DESK SAID "*PIRAT--*"! *IT MUST BE PIRATE'S COVE!!*
SWIMMING THROUGH THE WATER, SUB-MARINER SEES...
ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE FIENDS IN A DIVING-SUIT! PROBABLY THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR ELSA'S DEATH! SHE WAS KILLED BECAUSE SHE DISCOVERED THEIR SECRET!
AS SUB-MARINER REACHES HIM, THE KILLER PULLS OUT A KNIFE!
THIS KNIFE MAY TURN OUT TO BE A BOOMERANG FOR YOU!
7


SUB-MARINER WRENCHES THE KNIFE LOOSE... AND PLUNGES IT DEEP!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?
SUB-MARINER SWIFTLY SEARCHES THE BODY!
IF I CAN ONLY FIND WHAT I'M AFTER---
THIS IS IT! THE DEADLY AMMUNITION OF THE BLOW-GUN! A LITTLE SHEAF OF TINY SILVER-LIKE ARROWS!
THESE ARROWS ARE COMPOSED OF CHEMICALS THAT DISSOLVE INSTANTLY IN THE BLOOD-STREAM, AND SPEED UP THE RATE OF METABOLISM, SO THAT THE HUMAN BODY AGES IN A FEW MINUTES!
PIRATE'S COVE IS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE...BUT I'VE GOT TO HURRY!
...AND AT PIRATE'S COVE...
WELL, THIS IS IT!---WONDER WHAT I'LL FIND IN THERE?
HA HA HA
HA
HO
HA
HA


AND FROM THE ROCKY CAVES ...THE GLOATING LAUGHTER OF MEN!
HA! HA! HA!!
HA!HA!HA! YOU CANNOT RUN AWAY FROM *DEATH*!
SUDDENLY A FIGURE APPEARS, RUNNING DESPERATELY TOWARD THE WATER!
HELP! HELP!! HELP!!!
IT'S DR. POLTER! NOW I UNDERSTAND THIS ROTTEN PLOT---THE WHOLE THING!
AS SUB-MARINER REACHES HIM, DR. POLTER COLLAPSES ON THE WATER'S EDGE!
SUB-MARINER...THEY...THEY KILLED MY DAUGHTER SO SHE WOULD NOT TELL YOU OF MY INNOCENCE! THEY WANTED ME TO BE SUSPECTED AS THE LEADER OF THIS HORRIBLE MASSACRE!
THEN *YOU* LEFT THE NOTE IN BLOOD IN LUVILLE'S OFFICE!
YES! I WENT THERE TO ACCUSE LUVILLE! THEY SHOT ONE OF THOSE ARROWS INTO ME--- I'M GOING TO *DIE*!
HE GAVE HIS VERY LIFE TO STOP THESE MONSTERS! WELL, I WISH HE COULD KNOW THAT---*I'LL* STOP THEM FOR HIM!
SILENTLY AND FEARLESSLY, SUB-MARINER WALKS TOWARD THE CAVES! HE KNOWS THAT INSIDE DEATH WILL BE WAITING TO CLAIM HIM!


SUB-MARINER WINDS HIS WAY SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARK ROCKS--AND THEN COMES UPON THE HIDEOUT--THE CAVE OF DEATH!
HELLO, DR. LUVILLE! I'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT A DEATH--*YOUR* DEATH!
S-SUB-MARINER!
As SUB-MARINER SPEAKS, HE DOES NOT SEE THE THREE KILLERS COMING CLOSER BEHIND HIM!
LUVILLE! YOU'RE A TRAITOR TO THE ALLIES! YOU WERE GOING TO TERRORIZE THIS ISLAND SO IT WOULD BE EVACUATED--LEAVING THE PANAMA CANAL OPEN FOR INVASION!
Then...
WHAT THE--!
AS SUB-MARINER FIGHTS OFF THE THREE, MORE OF THE MURDEROUS HENCHMEN ATTACK HIM!
GET HIM, YOU FOOLS--THEN I'LL STAB HIM WITH THIS SPEAR! HE WILL DIE THE HORRIBLE DEATH!
IF I...CAN ONLY REACH... THE WATER...
DESPERATELY SUB-MARINER LUNGES TOWARD THE WATER!
KEEP HIM AWAY FROM THE WATER, OR HIS STRENGTH WILL BE REDOUBLED!
10


THEN...SUB-MARINER JUMPS INTO THE WATER, DRAGGING THE HENCHMEN WITH HIM!
ACH!
HELP!
SPLASH!
WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED AND SKILL, SUB-MARINER MOVES IN THE WATER! THE ODDS ARE NOT TO GREAT FOR HIM NOW!
NICE OF YOU TO JOIN ME FOR A SWIM!
WHILE UP IN THE GROTTO...
STAND BY THAT MACHINE-GUN PROJECTOR! IF HE COMES TO THE SURFACE, FIRE A HUNDRED OF THE DARTS AT HIM! THE OLD-AGE DEATH WILL GET EVEN THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER!
BUT SUB-MARINER, EMERGING FROM THE WATER, ATTACKS FROM BEHIND---
VAT ISS--?
SURPRISED?
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!
SOK!
AND NOW FOR THE REST OF THEM!
THE GRUESOME LITTLE MISSILES FIND THEIR MARK!
THE SHRIVELED DEATH... HELP!


THE HORRIBLE DEATH OF SWIFT OLD AGE STRIKES THE MURDERING NAZIS!
SUDDENLY, LUVILLE LEAPS TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE!
NO MORE AMMUNITION HERE... AND THERE GOES LUVILLE -- BUT HE WILL NOT ESCAPE ME!
HEH-HEH!! I KNEW I COULD LURE HIM DOWN! NOW ONE LITTLE PRICK WITH THIS SPEAR--
BUT SUB-MARINER IS ALERT TO HIS PERIL!
TRY YOUR OWN MEDICINE, DOCTOR!
SUB-MARINER FORCES THE SPEAR INTO LUVILLE'S SHOULDER!
NO...NO! DON'T DO THAT!
And IN A MOMENT---
I'M...GETTING OLD---I'M DYING!
HELP ME... HELP ME...
SOON HE WILL BE DEAD! HIS MURDEROUS WEAPON HAS BROUGHT ABOUT REVENGE!
LATER... BACK AT ST. LAZARRE...
THE PANIC IS OVER, SUB-MARINER! HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU!
KNOWING THAT THERE ARE A FEW LESS NAZIS IN THIS WORLD IS THANKS ENOUGH FOR ME!

INJUN HORSE

THE cabin looked peaceful down there on the slope of the hill, the corral where old Pop Lane's horse, Indian, stood looking toward the woods, the sun like the sheen of silver upon his glossy back. But Bill Rodney, newly appointed deputy sheriff, knew the overall appearance of the scene below him was deceiving. First Cliff had stumbled on Carson's hobbled horse back in the hills and had hidden it along with his own. So Carson was down there in the cabin, at bay at last.

Cliff made a break for it across the clearing, expecting any second to stop a 30-30 slug. But he reached the cabin door, gun in hand. . . .

Inside a gruff voice was snarling, "All right. There's ways of makin' you talk. I need that cache of yours—"

"Y'ain't goin' to git it!" Pop Lane's voice trembled with anger and rebellion. "No danged robber like you—"

Carson struck him sharply and the old man's words mumbled off. Cliff moved in, gun ready in case the towering Carson decided to make a try for his . . .

Carson whirled, one hand starting to dip.

Carson's angry black eyes narrowed. He lifted his hands grudgingly. "Okay. You got me. What's it all about?"

"Robbery's one thing. I've been following you for weeks. Lots of folks interested in you, Carson. Law-abiding folks—"

CARSON'S face was sullen, his lips twitching. Cliff walked toward the fallen revolver, bent to pick it up—

Without warning Carson launched his big bulk. Cliff fired, knew he'd missed, straightened and they clashed, spinning over and over, striking the table, falling, breaking apart. The gun was wrenched from Cliff's fingers. He twisted free, got in a solid punch that brought an oath from Carson. They crashed together again, battering each other savagely—

The big man lifted his fist above his head, brought the heel of it smashing down on Cliff's nose. The pain was like fire and Cliff felt blood spurt. He stumbled back as Carson waded in, laughing, driving Cliff to his knees with another blow of his clenched, ham like hand. Cliff's legs went soft, flabby, and Carson stepped in to deliver a last crushing blow.

SLOWLY Cliff opened his eyes, to find himself tightly bound. Carson was methodically searching everything, muttering and cursing to himself as he ripped cupboard and shelving apart, tore the bunk and bedding from the corner.

Cautiously Cliff tested his wrists, found them ungiving. In time he could probably work loose. But in time to do any good?

"Looking for something?" Cliff wanted to know. "Where's Lane? You ought to ask him—"

Carson crossed, "Thought you were tough, eh? Too bad some of your pardners couldn't see you now. Nice new deputy sheriff, eh? Out to make a name for hisself. You should have knowed better'n pick on me." The big man paused, grinning down boastfully. He added, "The old guy got away. But it won't do him any good. He's half blind. An' He's got no gun or grub. His hoss' in the corral."

Returning to his task Carson opened cans, ripped chairs apart looking for hollows where anything might be secreted. Occasionally he talked aloud. "The old guy's got a cache somewheres." He glared once at Cliff. "You would butt in. But I'll find it. I came across a couple of good sized nuggets—"

Evening came. Cliff realized that once Carson found Pop Lane's cache, he'd pull out. Before he did that he'd settle Cliff's hash. If he *didn't* find the cache his temper would get steadily worse, and was bad enough already.

FORTIFIED with a second big pot of coffee, Carson resumed his post, swilling black brew, smoking, watching. Outside Cliff could hear the wind, the lonesome hoot of an owl. Death waited for the old man if he tried for the horse—

Cliff must have dozed, for later a sudden commotion snapped him awake. The lamp was burning and Carson was stamping about, swearing. "Dang his rotten old hide! He sneaked into the lean-to, carted off half the grub while I wasn't thinking—"

Cliff wanted to laugh but didn't dare. He shifted his aching, tense body, lay still as Carson returned from a further survey. "Bacon's gone. Coffee, sugar, flour!" He snatched up his rifle, headed out into the night.

Tensely Cliff waited, expecting to hear the sound of a shot, a cry from the old man. But there was silence save for the wind, a cricket outside.

Later Carson returned, his face purple with rage. He glared down at Cliff. "Damn you. If you'd stayed away—"

He went back to his post at the door. He'd turned out the lamp and for a while Cliff could smell the rotten odor of Carson's pipe mingled with the smoldering lamp wick. Pop Lane should have had sense enough to grab Carson's riding equipment. As long as Carson had that and the Indian horse in the corral—

SUN was streaking in the window when Cliff opened his eyes, aware of the sound of Carson's angry shouts. Evidently he'd dozed off again and old Lane had paid a second visit. He'd stripped the lean-to of everything eatable!

Carson spent a futile half hour searching for food. But Pop Lane had missed nothing. "I'll fix him!" Carson promised. "He's starving me out. But when I get through with this dump of his *he'll* be finished too. And they'll need a new deputy sheriff!"

Cliff worked his wrists loose. When Carson came close enough or went outside a moment . . .

The big man was prowling angrily about. Everything movable went into a pile in the center of the floor. The rickety chairs and table were smashed, heaped up. He worked methodically, missed nothing. He lugged his saddle and equipment outside, came back eyes gleaming with satisfaction. He turned to look out the door, measuring the distance . . .

Gathering himself, Cliff leaped from the floor, hurled himself across the room—

But Carson had been expecting it evidently, and now spun on his heels, swinging his fist in a mighty arc. The blow caught Cliff squarely on the side of the head, sent him sprawling to the floor. As he sought his feet, Carson drove in, delivered a last smashing blow.

"Teach y' to mess with me!" Carson roared.

He snatched up a length of rope, swiftly twisted Cliff's arms behind him and bound them there. Then he fished matches from his pocket, turned and squatted beside the heap of wood he had piled in the center of the floor.

Cliff's body felt smashed, torn, useless. One eye was partly closed, the other swelling. His mouth was bruised.

NOW he was going to be burned alive!

Carson chuckled as he watched the little tongues of flame grow up. "Too bad," he laughed, "I couldn't have caught the old man. I'd have roasted both of you at the same time!"

He stamped out and through a window Cliff could see him at the corral. The smell of smoke was pungent, the crackling flames gathered strength. Carson wouldn't go away in time for old Lane to get in and free Cliff. No, he'd saddle up, sit there on his horse, waiting for the fire to do its stuff, probably hoping the old guy *would* come back. Maybe he'd ride into the woods, wait for a shot if the old guy appeared—

Frantically Cliff tried to hurl himself across the floor. He managed to get part away, could see out into the open. The smoke was stinging his nostrils . . . .

Twisting his head, he was just able to see Carson throw the blanket and saddle on Indian. He had the bit and bridle in place. Now he swung into the saddle—

INDIAN went up on his heels, pawing the air. He came down on all four, back arched, feet pawing. He broke into a thundering rush across the little enclosure, smashed against the corral poles and seemed to glance off. He whirled, crow-hopping. He was big and powerful, black dynamite gone crazy. Dust rose to hang like a yellow mist above the little arena. Above the crackle of flames Cliff could now hear the frenzied scream of the horse, could feel the ground trembling under his crazed gyrations . . . .

It was all over suddenly. The saddle was empty, the big animal was lashing out—

Pop Lane appeared, lugging two pails of water. He swung them, dousing the roaring inferno in the center of the cabin. Clouds of smoke billowed up. The fire hissed angrily, the old man crossed to Cliff, cut the ropes binding his wrists. "You jest sit tight till I git more water, an' drag what's left o'Carson outta the corral. If Injun hasn't killed him outright—"

Cliff stumbled outside as Pop Lane came back, dragging what was left of the big man. Carson's face was an unhealthy yellow. He stared up out of dust blinded eyes. "That . . . . danged . . . . hoss. I didn't . . . . do nothin.' I seen you . . . . ride 'em . . . . an' the gold—"

"Plenty," Pop said softly. "Buried where it belongs." He hesitated, grinned down at Carson. "You'd never been able to ride that critter. Not in a million years!

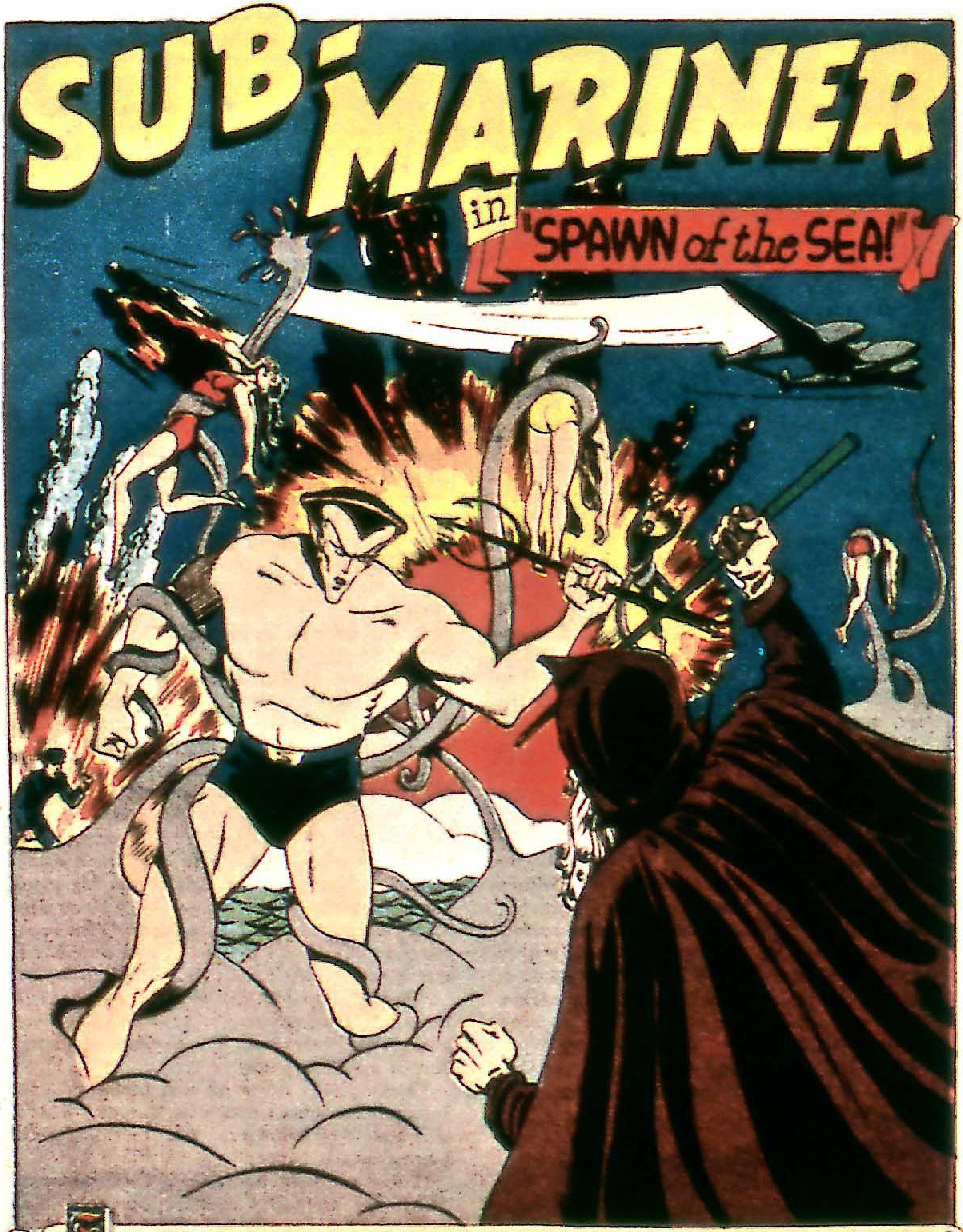
"Y'see, y'can't use a bit and bridle on him. Injuns broke him in with a hackamore. That's why I stole everything . . *but* the riding gear. I knew what'd happen!"

"I was wonderin' about that," Cliff muttered. "Why you grabbed everything but the ridin' gear—"

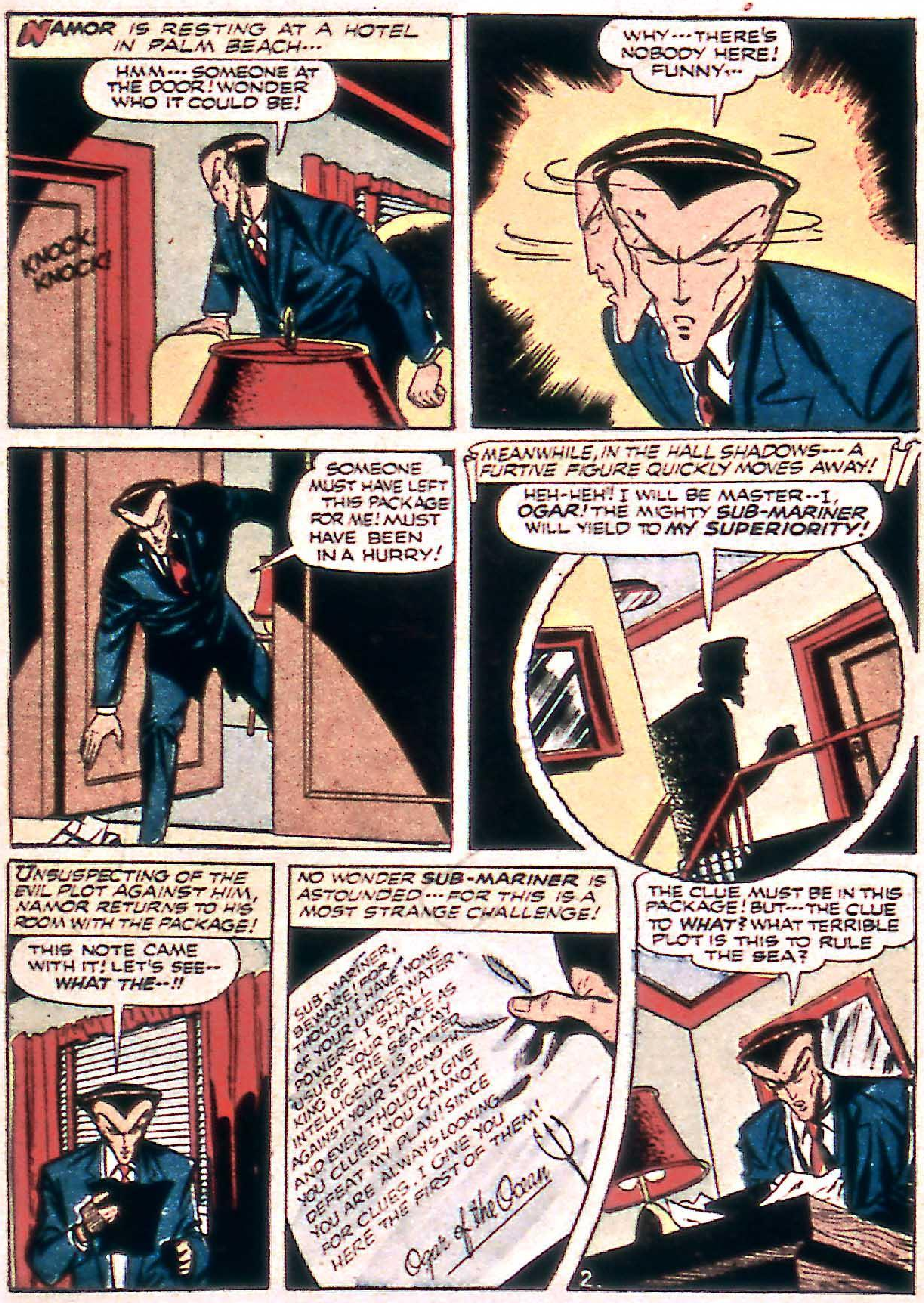
Pop Lane grinned. "I wanted this hombre to fork Injun. An' now, son, if you're able we'll hitch up the buckboard an' lug this maverick back to town!"

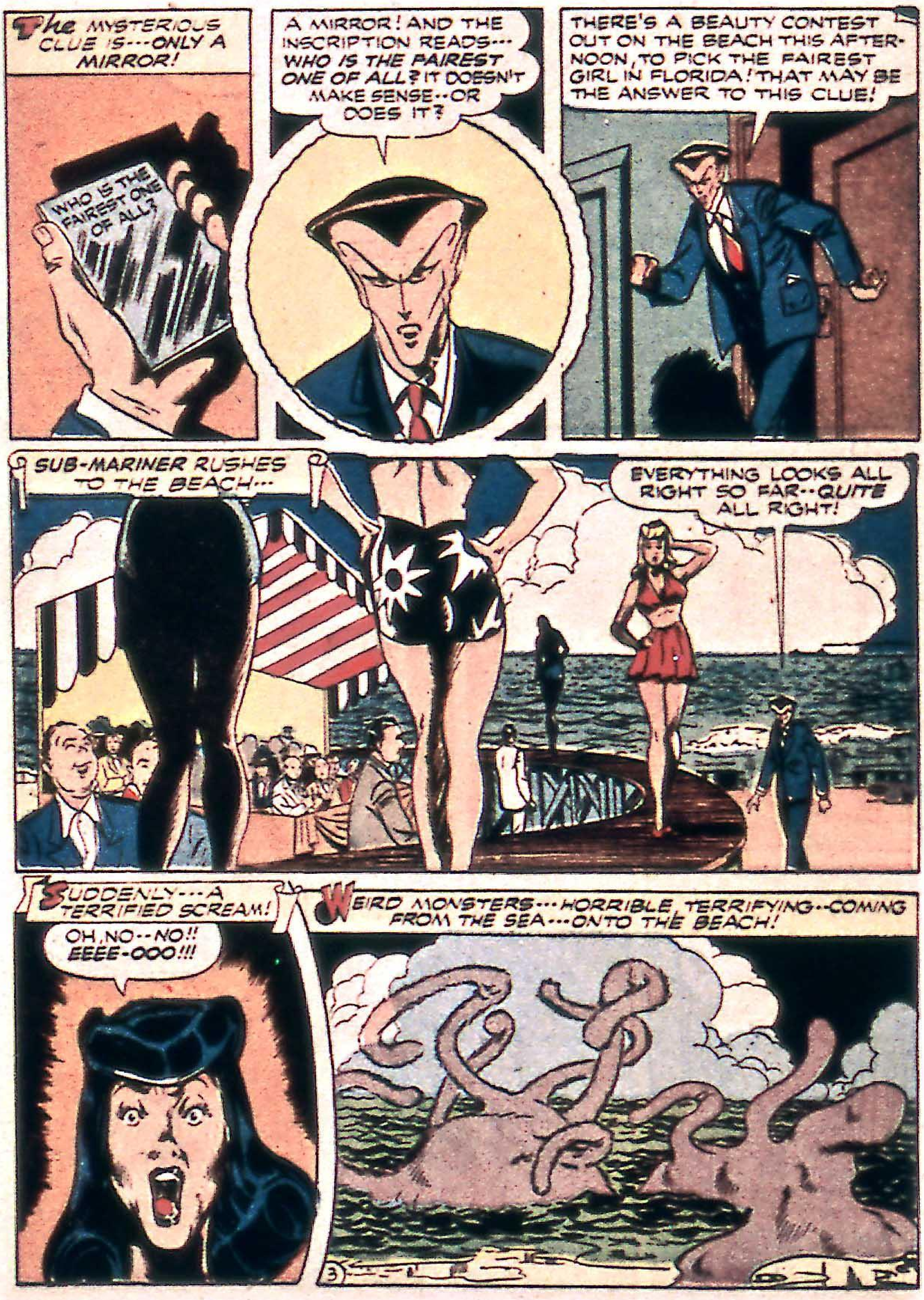
THE END

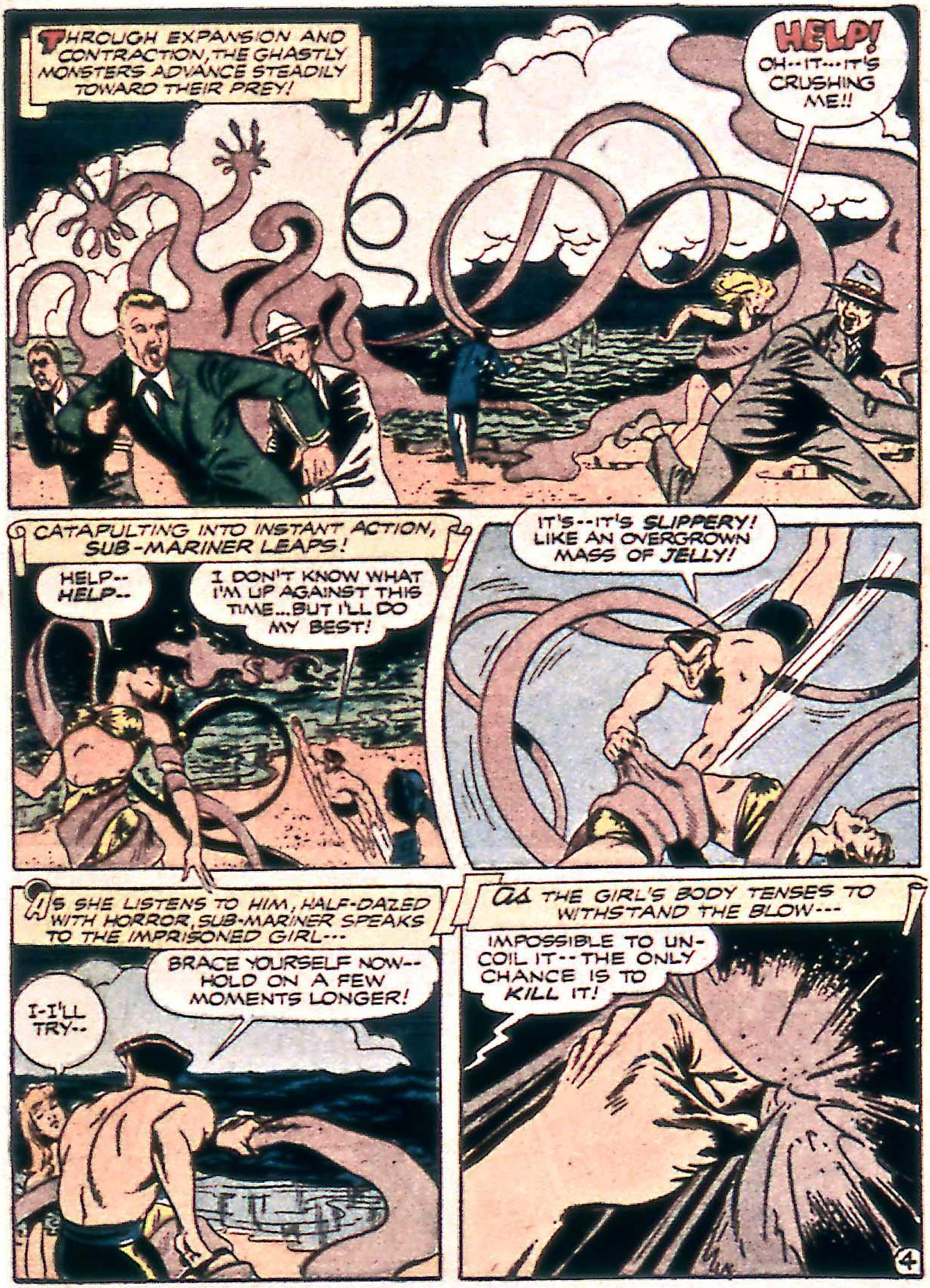
SUB-MARINER in "SPAWN of the SEA!"

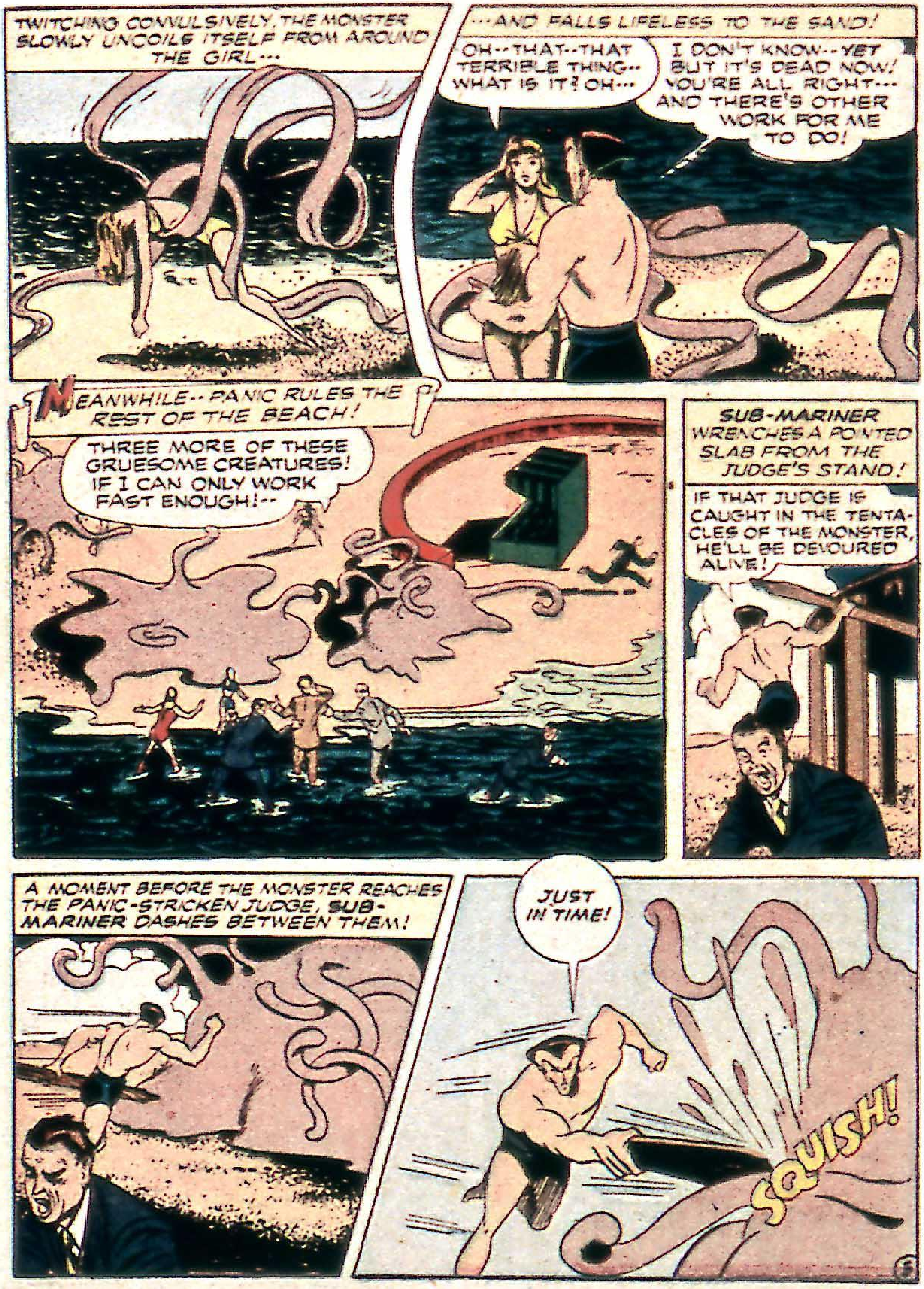


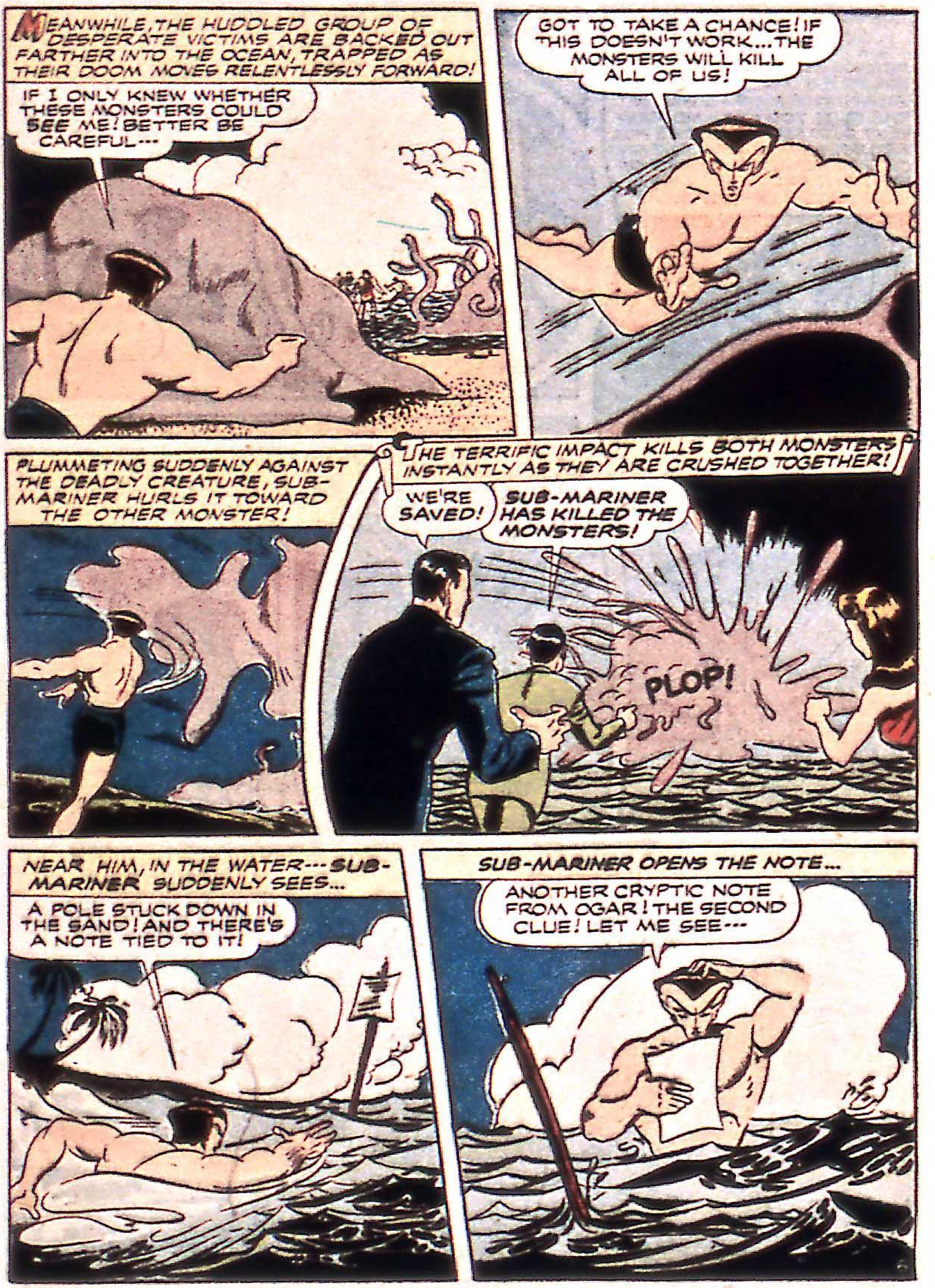
FANTASTIC MONSTERS CRAWLING FROM THE SEA! GRUESOME INVADERS FOR WHICH SCIENCE CAN FIND NO EXPLANATION! WHAT ARE THEY... THESE DEADLY KILLERS? ONLY ONE MAN KNOWS...OGAR OF THE OCEAN!.. THE FIENDISH ARCH-ENEMY OF **SUB-MARINER**! IN HIS MOST WEIRD ADVENTURE, **SUB-MARINER** RISKS DEATH TO SAVE AMERICA FROM ATTACK BY THE MYSTERIOUS **SPAWN OF THE SEA**!!!

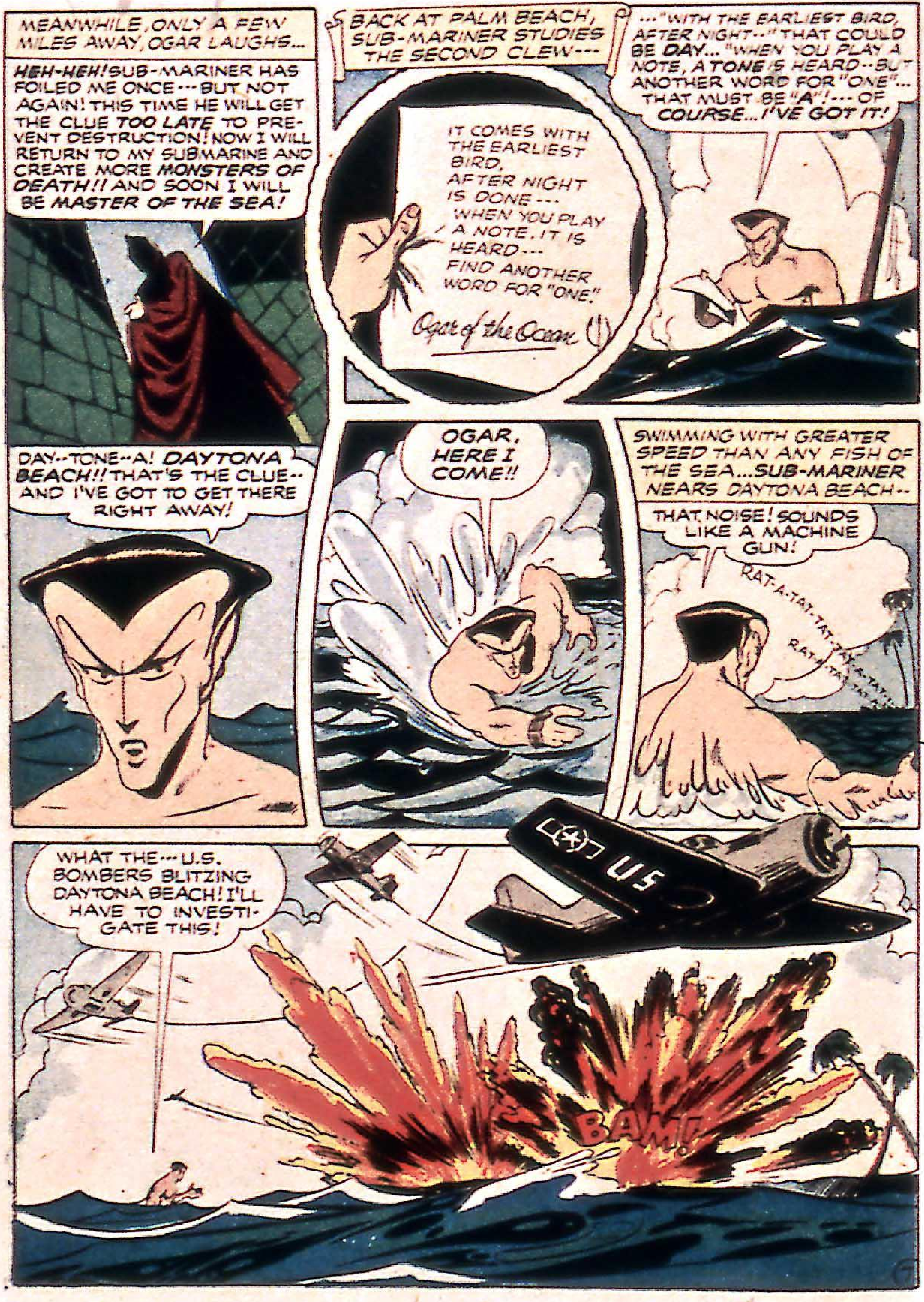

NAMOR IS RESTING AT A HOTEL IN PALM BEACH...
HMM... SOMEONE AT THE DOOR! WONDER WHO IT COULD BE!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHY...THERE'S NOBODY HERE! FUNNY...
SOMEONE MUST HAVE LEFT THIS PACKAGE FOR ME! MUST HAVE BEEN IN A HURRY!
MEANWHILE, IN THE HALL SHADOWS... A FURTIVE FIGURE QUICKLY MOVES AWAY!
HEH-HEH! I WILL BE MASTER--I, OGAR! THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER WILL YIELD TO MY SUPERIORITY!
UNSUSPECTING OF THE EVIL PLOT AGAINST HIM, NAMOR RETURNS TO HIS ROOM WITH THE PACKAGE!
THIS NOTE CAME WITH IT! LET'S SEE-- WHAT THE--!!
NO WONDER SUB-MARINER IS ASTOUNDED...FOR THIS IS A MOST STRANGE CHALLENGE!
SUB-MARINER, BEWARE! FOR THOUGH I HAVE NONE OF YOUR UNDERWATER POWERS, I SHALL USURP YOUR PLACE AS KING OF THE SEA! MY INTELLIGENCE IS PITTED AGAINST YOUR STRENGTH! AND EVEN THOUGH I GIVE YOU CLUES, YOU CANNOT DEFEAT MY PLAN! SINCE YOU ARE ALWAYS LOOKING FOR CLUES, I GIVE YOU HERE THE FIRST OF THEM!
Ogar of the Ocean
THE CLUE MUST BE IN THIS PACKAGE! BUT...THE CLUE TO WHAT? WHAT TERRIBLE PLOT IS THIS TO RULE THE SEA?

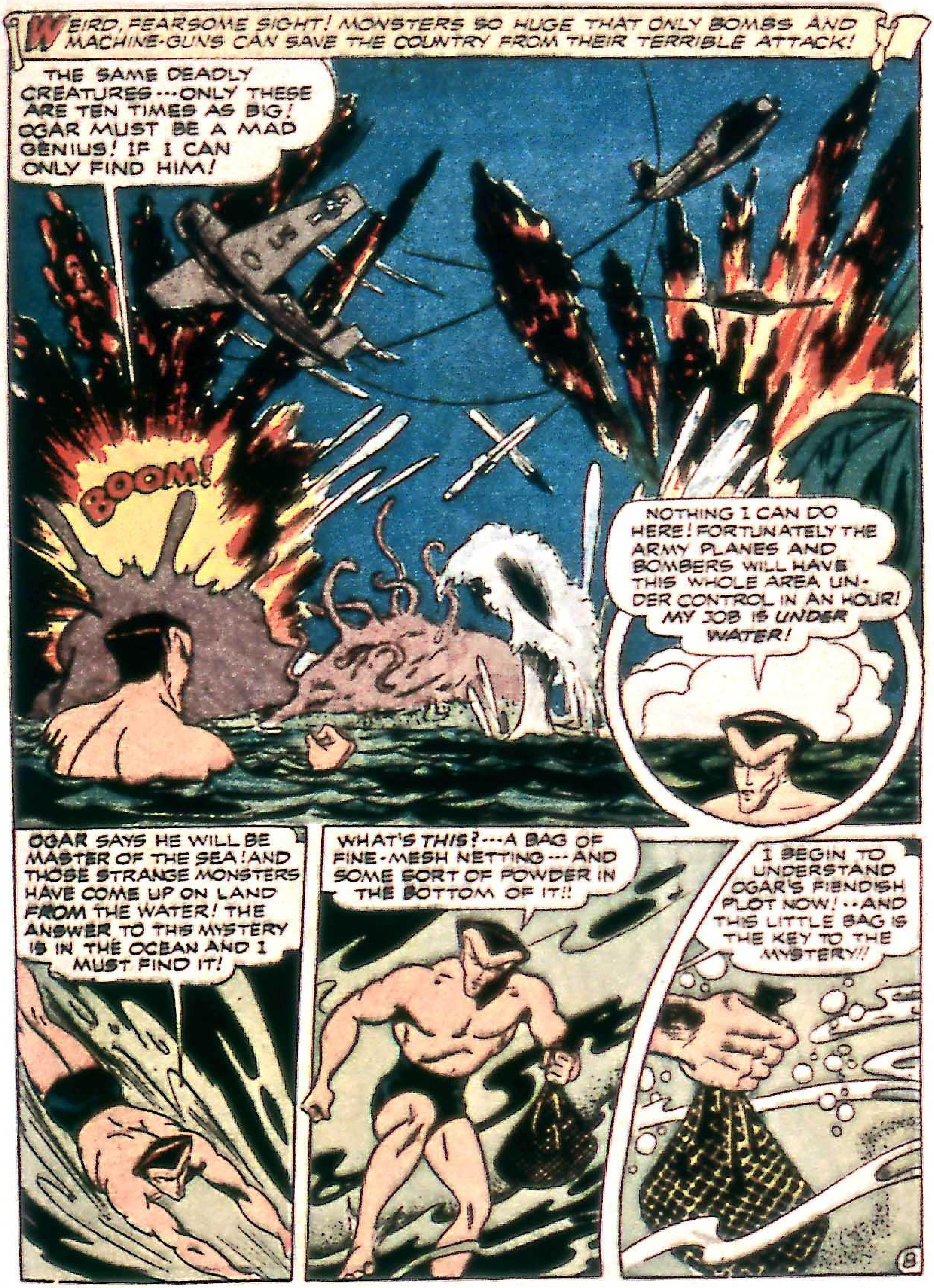

The MYSTERIOUS CLUE IS---ONLY A MIRROR!
WHO IS THE FAIREST ONE OF ALL?
A MIRROR! AND THE INSCRIPTION READS--- *WHO IS THE FAIREST ONE OF ALL?* IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE--OR DOES IT?
THERE'S A BEAUTY CONTEST OUT ON THE BEACH THIS AFTERNOON, TO PICK THE FAIREST GIRL IN FLORIDA! THAT MAY BE THE ANSWER TO THIS CLUE!
SUB-MARINER RUSHES TO THE BEACH---
EVERYTHING LOOKS ALL RIGHT SO FAR--*QUITE* ALL RIGHT!
SUDDENLY---A TERRIFIED SCREAM!
OH, NO--NO!! EEEE-OOO!!!
WEIRD MONSTERS---HORRIBLE, TERRIFYING--COMING FROM THE SEA---ONTO THE BEACH!

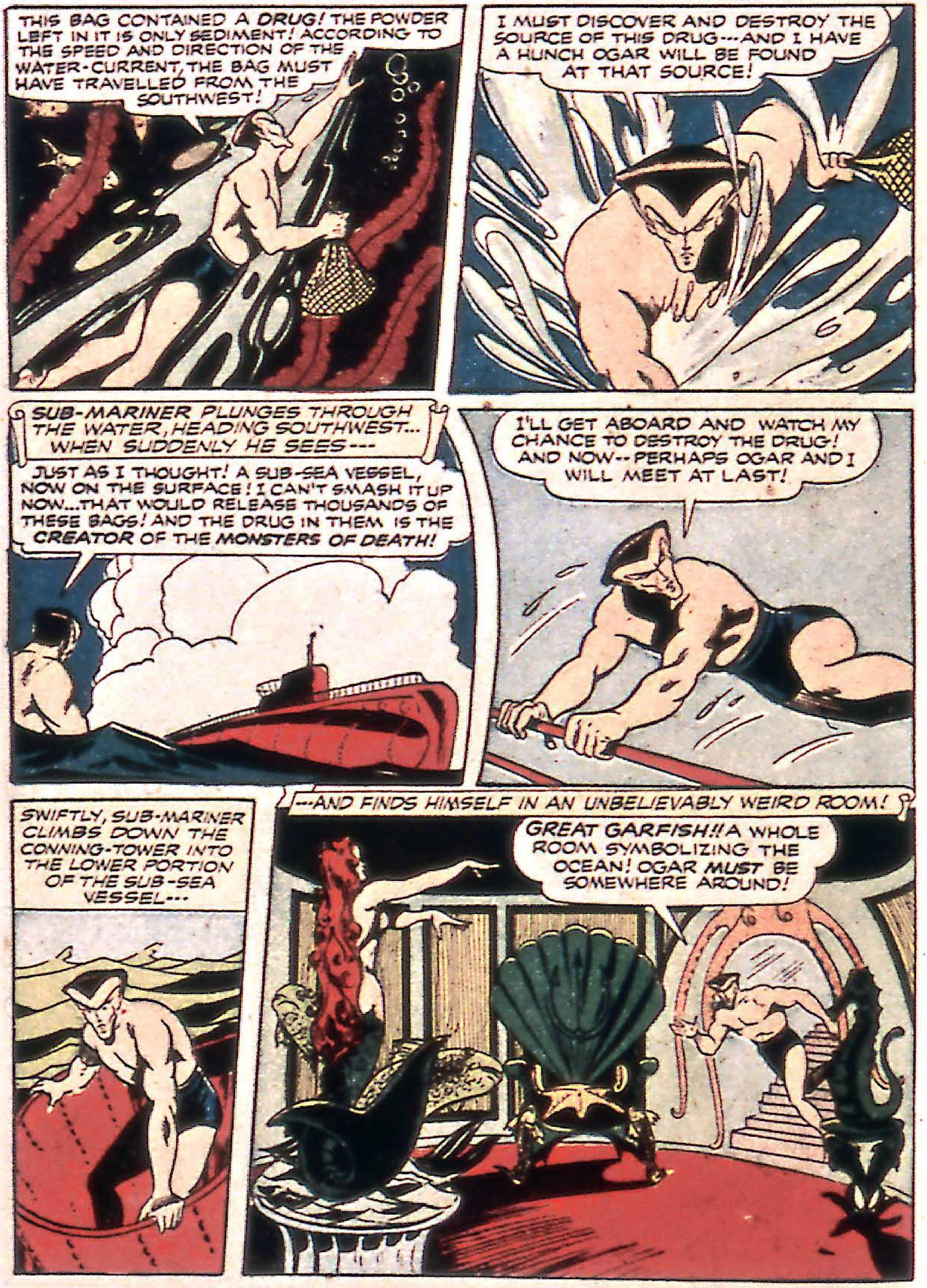

THROUGH EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION, THE GHASTLY MONSTERS ADVANCE STEADILY TOWARD THEIR PREY!
HELP! OH--IT--IT'S CRUSHING ME!!
CATAPULTING INTO INSTANT ACTION, SUB-MARINER LEAPS!
HELP-- HELP--
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M UP AGAINST THIS TIME...BUT I'LL DO MY BEST!
IT'S--IT'S SLIPPERY! LIKE AN OVERGROWN MASS OF JELLY!
AS SHE LISTENS TO HIM, HALF-DAZED WITH HORROR, SUB-MARINER SPEAKS TO THE IMPRISONED GIRL---
BRACE YOURSELF NOW-- HOLD ON A FEW MOMENTS LONGER!
I-I'LL TRY--
AS THE GIRL'S BODY TENSES TO WITHSTAND THE BLOW---
IMPOSSIBLE TO UNCOIL IT--THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO KILL IT!
4

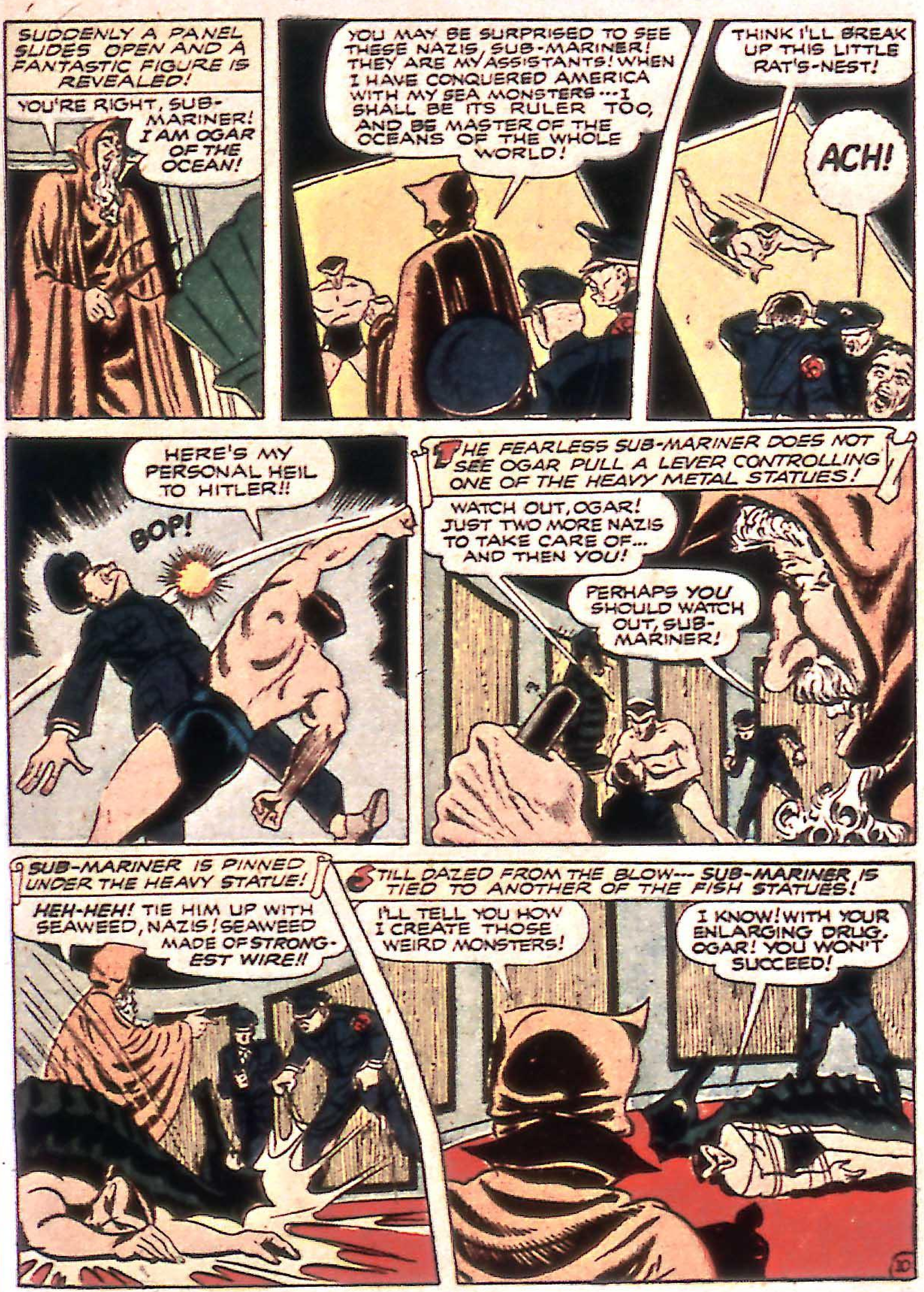

TWITCHING CONVULSIVELY, THE MONSTER SLOWLY UNCOILS ITSELF FROM AROUND THE GIRL...
...AND FALLS LIFELESS TO THE SAND!
OH--THAT--THAT TERRIBLE THING-- WHAT IS IT? OH...
I DON'T KNOW--YET BUT IT'S DEAD NOW! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT--- AND THERE'S OTHER WORK FOR ME TO DO!
MEANWHILE--PANIC RULES THE REST OF THE BEACH!
THREE MORE OF THESE GRUESOME CREATURES! IF I CAN ONLY WORK FAST ENOUGH!--
SUB-MARINER WRENCHES A POINTED SLAB FROM THE JUDGE'S STAND!
IF THAT JUDGE IS CAUGHT IN THE TENTACLES OF THE MONSTER, HE'LL BE DEVOURED ALIVE!
A MOMENT BEFORE THE MONSTER REACHES THE PANIC-STRICKEN JUDGE, SUB-MARINER DASHES BETWEEN THEM!
JUST IN TIME!
SQUISH!

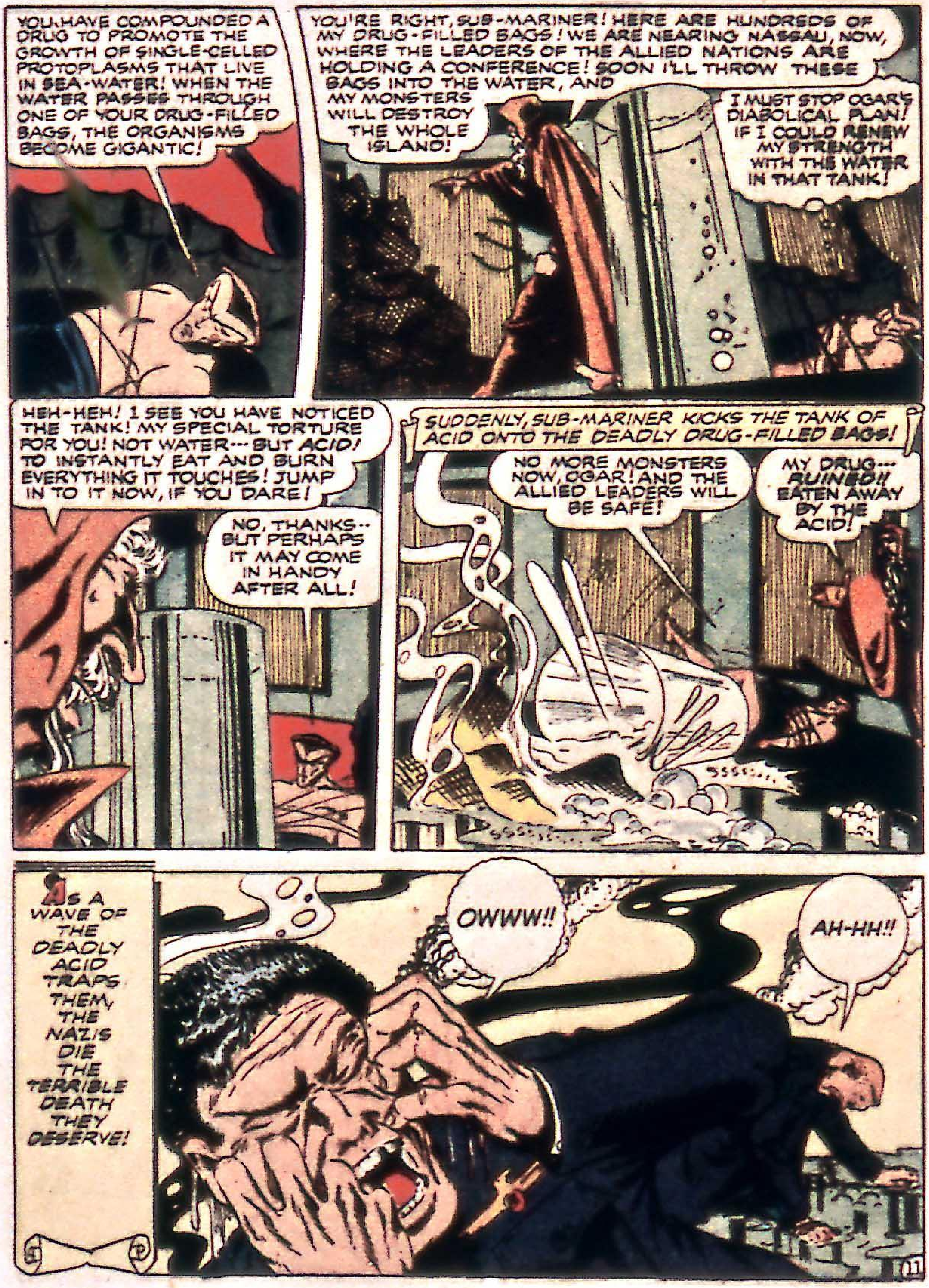

MEANWHILE, THE HUDDLED GROUP OF DESPERATE VICTIMS ARE BACKED OUT FARTHER INTO THE OCEAN, TRAPPED AS THEIR DOOM MOVES RELENTLESSLY FORWARD!
IF I ONLY KNEW WHETHER THESE MONSTERS COULD SEE ME! BETTER BE CAREFUL---
GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE! IF THIS DOESN'T WORK... THE MONSTERS WILL KILL ALL OF US!
PLUMMETING SUDDENLY AGAINST THE DEADLY CREATURE, SUB-MARINER HURLS IT TOWARD THE OTHER MONSTER!
THE TERRIFIC IMPACT KILLS BOTH MONSTERS INSTANTLY AS THEY ARE CRUSHED TOGETHER!
WE'RE SAVED!
SUB-MARINER HAS KILLED THE MONSTERS!
PLOP!
NEAR HIM, IN THE WATER--- SUB-MARINER SUDDENLY SEES...
A POLE STUCK DOWN IN THE SAND! AND THERE'S A NOTE TIED TO IT!
SUB-MARINER OPENS THE NOTE...
ANOTHER CRYPTIC NOTE FROM OGAR! THE SECOND CLUE! LET ME SEE---

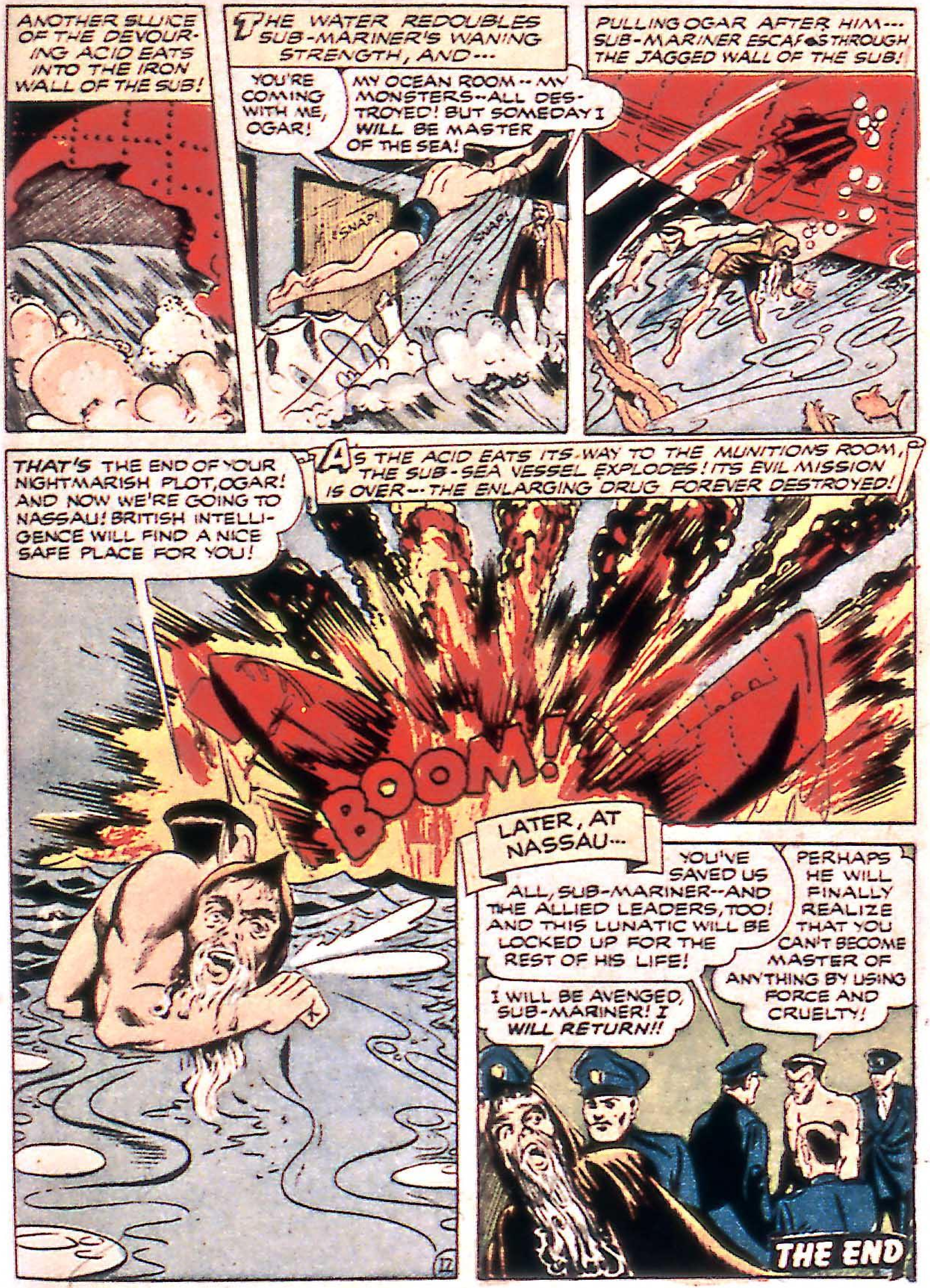

MEANWHILE, ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY, OGAR LAUGHS...
HEH-HEH! SUB-MARINER HAS FOILED ME ONCE--- BUT NOT AGAIN! THIS TIME HE WILL GET THE CLUE TOO LATE TO PREVENT DESTRUCTION! NOW I WILL RETURN TO MY SUBMARINE AND CREATE MORE MONSTERS OF DEATH!! AND SOON I WILL BE MASTER OF THE SEA!
BACK AT PALM BEACH, SUB-MARINER STUDIES THE SECOND CLEW---
IT COMES WITH THE EARLIEST BIRD, AFTER NIGHT IS DONE--- WHEN YOU PLAY A NOTE, IT IS HEARD--- FIND ANOTHER WORD FOR "ONE."
Ogar of the Ocean
..."WITH THE EARLIEST BIRD, AFTER NIGHT--" THAT COULD BE DAY... "WHEN YOU PLAY A NOTE, A TONE IS HEARD--BUT ANOTHER WORD FOR "ONE"... THAT MUST BE "A"!... OF COURSE... I'VE GOT IT!
DAY--TONE--A! DAYTONA BEACH!! THAT'S THE CLUE-- AND I'VE GOT TO GET THERE RIGHT AWAY!
OGAR, HERE I COME!!
SWIMMING WITH GREATER SPEED THAN ANY FISH OF THE SEA... SUB-MARINER NEARS DAYTONA BEACH--
THAT NOISE! SOUNDS LIKE A MACHINE GUN!
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-A-TAT
WHAT THE--- U.S. BOMBERS BLITZING DAYTONA BEACH! I'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THIS!
US
BAM!

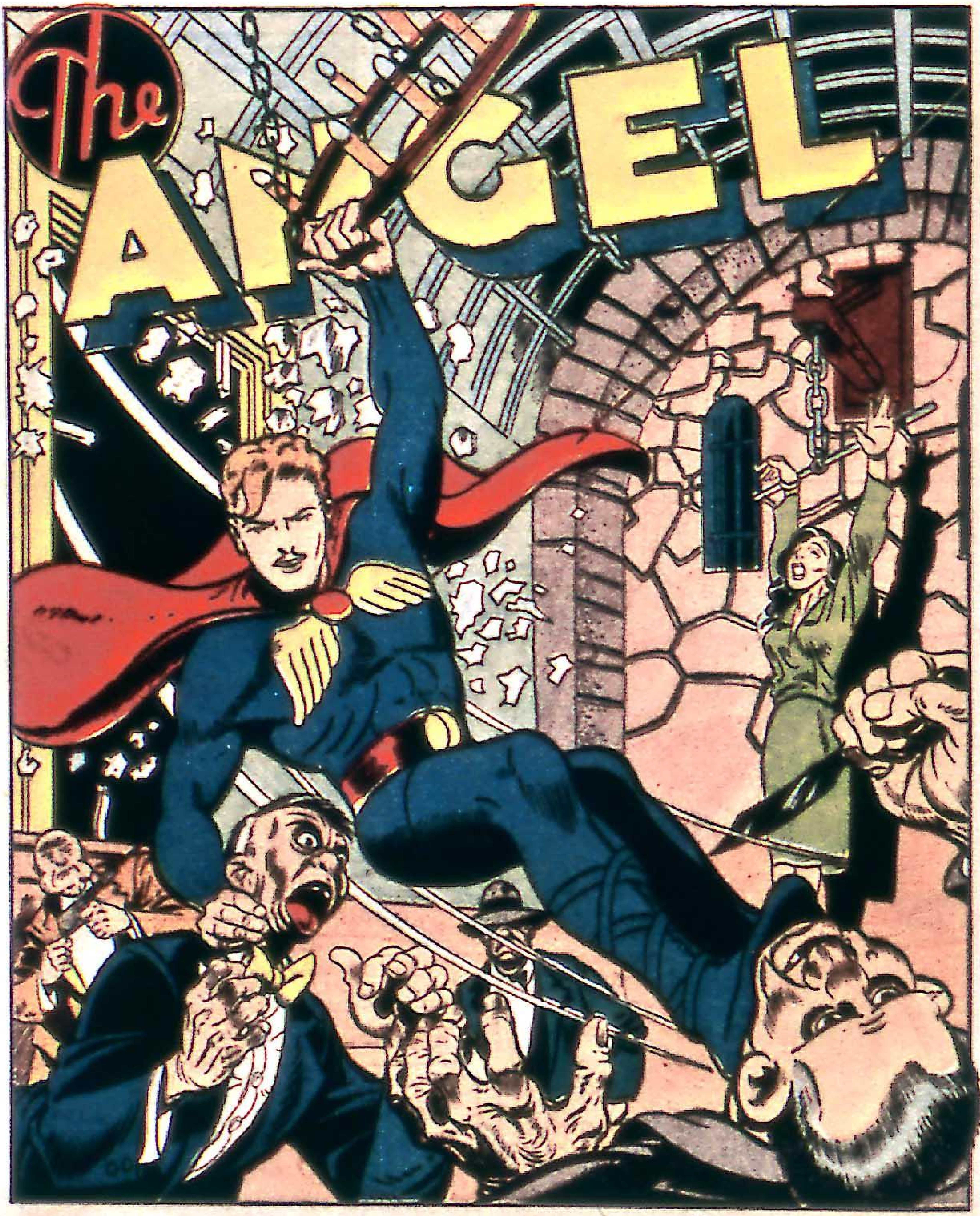

WEIRD, FEARSOME SIGHT! MONSTERS SO HUGE THAT ONLY BOMBS AND MACHINE-GUNS CAN SAVE THE COUNTRY FROM THEIR TERRIBLE ATTACK!
THE SAME DEADLY CREATURES---ONLY THESE ARE TEN TIMES AS BIG! OGAR MUST BE A MAD GENIUS! IF I CAN ONLY FIND HIM!
US
BOOM!
NOTHING I CAN DO HERE! FORTUNATELY THE ARMY PLANES AND BOMBERS WILL HAVE THIS WHOLE AREA UNDER CONTROL IN AN HOUR! MY JOB IS *UNDER WATER*!
OGAR SAYS HE WILL BE MASTER OF THE SEA! AND THOSE STRANGE MONSTERS HAVE COME UP ON LAND *FROM* THE WATER! THE ANSWER TO THIS MYSTERY IS IN THE OCEAN AND I MUST FIND IT!
WHAT'S *THIS*?---A BAG OF FINE-MESH NETTING---AND SOME SORT OF POWDER IN THE BOTTOM OF IT!!
I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND OGAR'S FIENDISH PLOT NOW!--AND THIS LITTLE BAG IS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY!!


THIS BAG CONTAINED A DRUG! THE POWDER LEFT IN IT IS ONLY SEDIMENT! ACCORDING TO THE SPEED AND DIRECTION OF THE WATER-CURRENT, THE BAG MUST HAVE TRAVELLED FROM THE SOUTHWEST!
I MUST DISCOVER AND DESTROY THE SOURCE OF THIS DRUG---AND I HAVE A HUNCH OGAR WILL BE FOUND AT THAT SOURCE!
SUB-MARINER PLUNGES THROUGH THE WATER, HEADING SOUTHWEST... WHEN SUDDENLY HE SEES---
JUST AS I THOUGHT! A SUB-SEA VESSEL, NOW ON THE SURFACE! I CAN'T SMASH IT UP NOW...THAT WOULD RELEASE THOUSANDS OF THESE BAGS! AND THE DRUG IN THEM IS THE CREATOR OF THE MONSTERS OF DEATH!
I'LL GET ABOARD AND WATCH MY CHANCE TO DESTROY THE DRUG! AND NOW--PERHAPS OGAR AND I WILL MEET AT LAST!
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER CLIMBS DOWN THE CONNING-TOWER INTO THE LOWER PORTION OF THE SUB-SEA VESSEL---
---AND FINDS HIMSELF IN AN UNBELIEVABLY WEIRD ROOM!
GREAT GARFISH!! A WHOLE ROOM SYMBOLIZING THE OCEAN! OGAR MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND!


SUDDENLY A PANEL SLIDES OPEN AND A FANTASTIC FIGURE IS REVEALED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SUB-MARINER! I AM OGAR OF THE OCEAN!
YOU MAY BE SURPRISED TO SEE THESE NAZIS, SUB-MARINER! THEY ARE MY ASSISTANTS! WHEN I HAVE CONQUERED AMERICA WITH MY SEA MONSTERS... I SHALL BE ITS RULER TOO, AND BE MASTER OF THE OCEANS OF THE WHOLE WORLD!
THINK I'LL BREAK UP THIS LITTLE RAT'S-NEST!
ACH!
HERE'S MY PERSONAL HEIL TO HITLER!!
BOP!
THE FEARLESS SUB-MARINER DOES NOT SEE OGAR PULL A LEVER CONTROLLING ONE OF THE HEAVY METAL STATUES!
WATCH OUT, OGAR! JUST TWO MORE NAZIS TO TAKE CARE OF... AND THEN YOU!
PERHAPS YOU SHOULD WATCH OUT, SUB-MARINER!
SUB-MARINER IS PINNED UNDER THE HEAVY STATUE!
HEH-HEH! TIE HIM UP WITH SEAWEED, NAZIS! SEAWEED MADE OF STRONGEST WIRE!!
STILL DAZED FROM THE BLOW--- SUB-MARINER IS TIED TO ANOTHER OF THE FISH STATUES!
I'LL TELL YOU HOW I CREATE THOSE WEIRD MONSTERS!
I KNOW! WITH YOUR ENLARGING DRUG, OGAR! YOU WON'T SUCCEED!
10

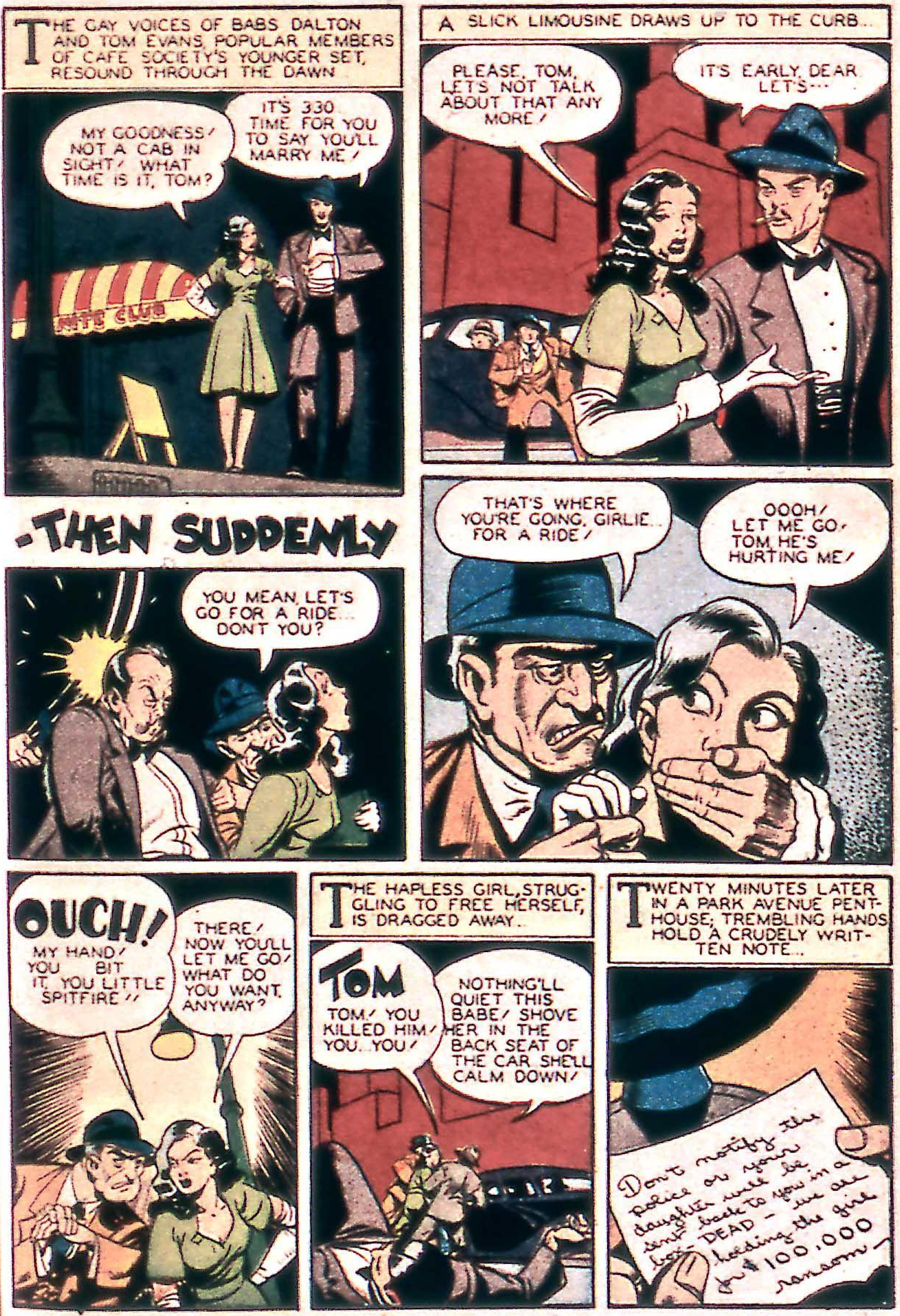

YOU HAVE COMPOUNDED A DRUG TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF SINGLE-CELLED PROTOPLASMS THAT LIVE IN SEA-WATER! WHEN THE WATER PASSES THROUGH ONE OF YOUR DRUG-FILLED BAGS, THE ORGANISMS BECOME GIGANTIC!
YOU'RE RIGHT, SUB-MARINER! HERE ARE HUNDREDS OF MY DRUG-FILLED BAGS! WE ARE NEARING NASSAU, NOW, WHERE THE LEADERS OF THE ALLIED NATIONS ARE HOLDING A CONFERENCE! SOON I'LL THROW THESE BAGS INTO THE WATER, AND MY MONSTERS WILL DESTROY THE WHOLE ISLAND!
I MUST STOP OGAR'S DIABOLICAL PLAN! IF I COULD RENEW MY STRENGTH WITH THE WATER IN THAT TANK!
HEH-HEH! I SEE YOU HAVE NOTICED THE TANK! MY SPECIAL TORTURE FOR YOU! NOT WATER--- BUT *ACID!* TO INSTANTLY EAT AND BURN EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES! JUMP IN TO IT NOW, IF YOU DARE!
NO, THANKS-- BUT PERHAPS IT MAY COME IN HANDY AFTER ALL!
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER KICKS THE TANK OF ACID ONTO THE DEADLY DRUG-FILLED BAGS!
NO MORE MONSTERS NOW, OGAR! AND THE ALLIED LEADERS WILL BE SAFE!
MY DRUG... *RUINED!!* EATEN AWAY BY THE ACID!
SSSS...
SSSS...
AS A WAVE OF THE DEADLY ACID TRAPS THEM, THE NAZIS DIE THE TERRIBLE DEATH THEY DESERVE!
OWWW!!
AH-HH!!

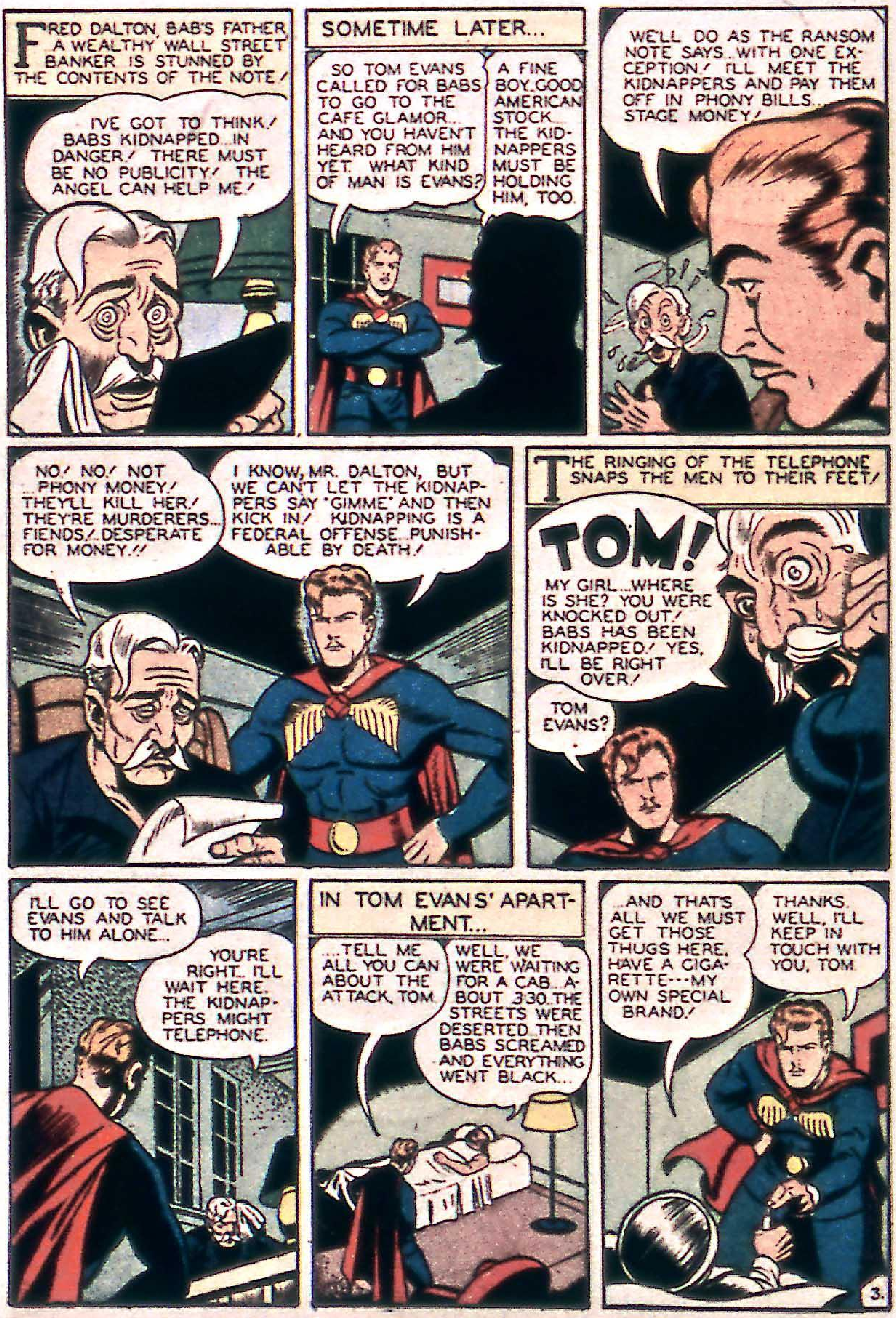

ANOTHER SLUICE OF THE DEVOURING ACID EATS INTO THE IRON WALL OF THE SUB!
THE WATER REDOUBLES SUB-MARINER'S WANING STRENGTH, AND---
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME, OGAR!
MY OCEAN ROOM -- MY MONSTERS--ALL DESTROYED! BUT SOMEDAY I WILL BE MASTER OF THE SEA!
SNAP!
SNAP!
PULLING OGAR AFTER HIM--- SUB-MARINER ESCAPES THROUGH THE JAGGED WALL OF THE SUB!
AS THE ACID EATS ITS WAY TO THE MUNITIONS ROOM, THE SUB-SEA VESSEL EXPLODES! ITS EVIL MISSION IS OVER--- THE ENLARGING DRUG FOREVER DESTROYED!
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR NIGHTMARISH PLOT, OGAR! AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO NASSAU! BRITISH INTELLIGENCE WILL FIND A NICE SAFE PLACE FOR YOU!
BOOM!
LATER, AT NASSAU---
YOU'VE SAVED US ALL, SUB-MARINER--AND THE ALLIED LEADERS, TOO! AND THIS LUNATIC WILL BE LOCKED UP FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!
PERHAPS HE WILL FINALLY REALIZE THAT YOU CAN'T BECOME MASTER OF ANYTHING BY USING FORCE AND CRUELTY!
I WILL BE AVENGED, SUB-MARINER! I WILL RETURN!!
THE END

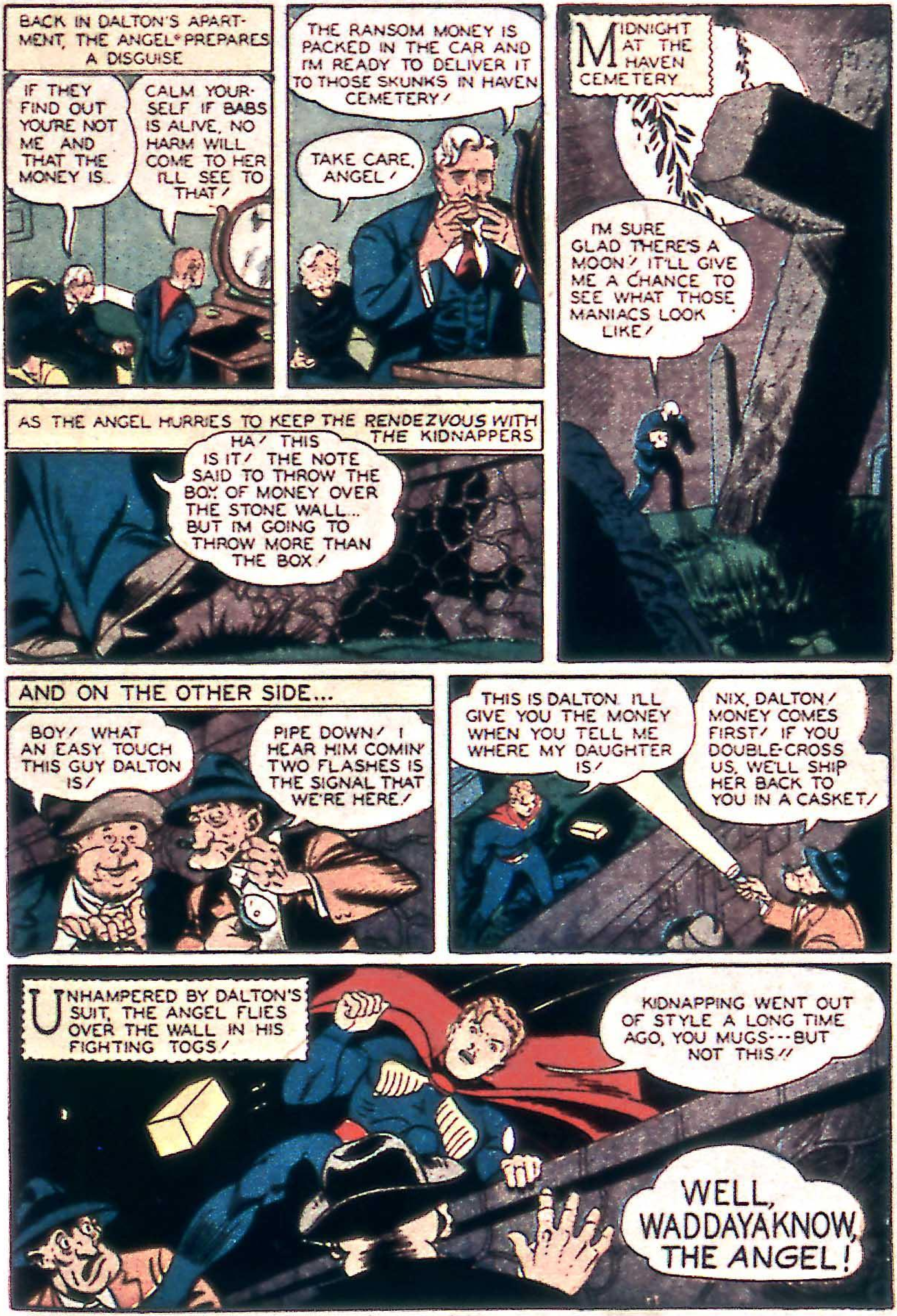


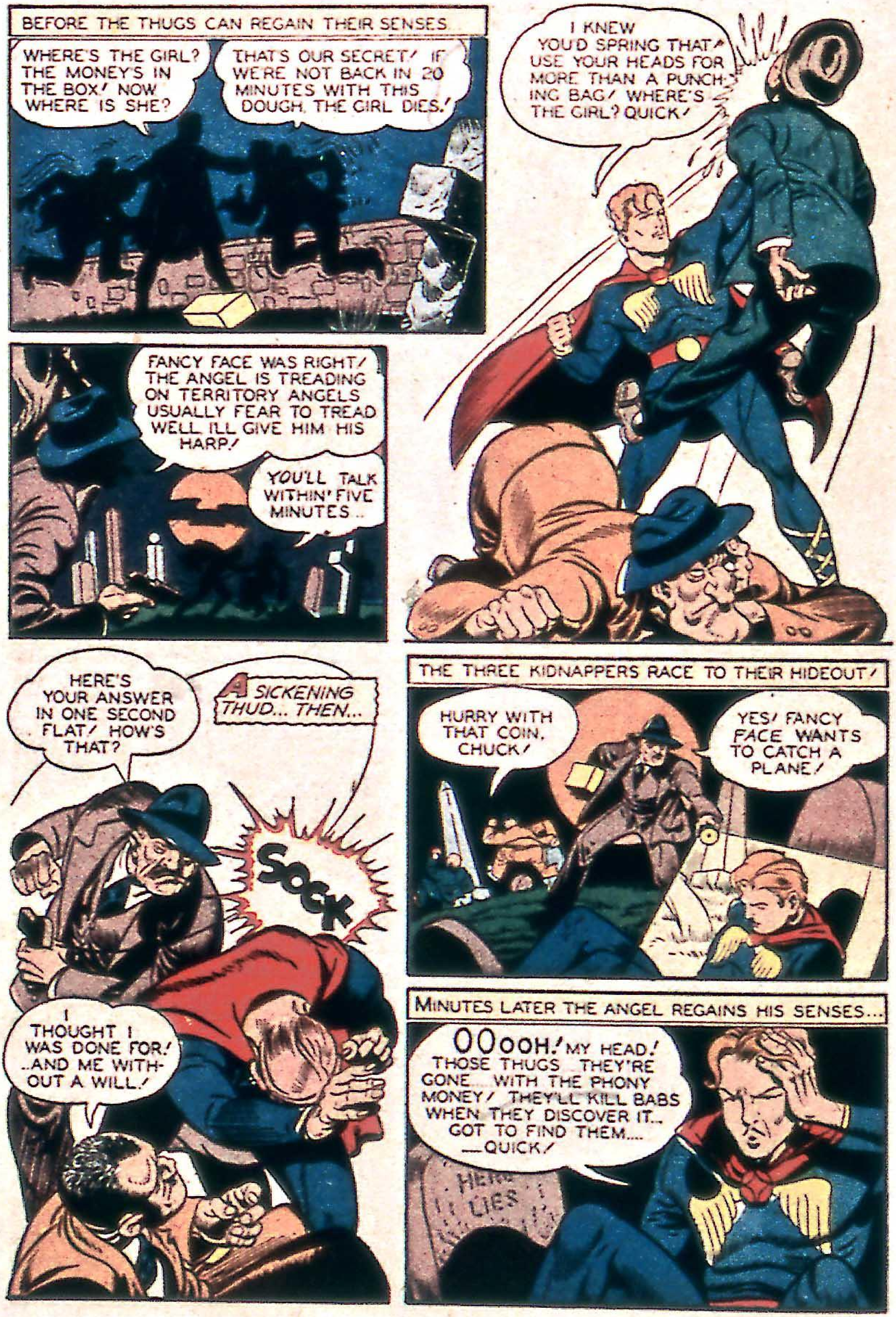
A SCREAM....THEN SILENCE......A BEAUTIFUL GIRL'S LIFE AT STAKE.....DRAMA! ACTION! SUSPENSE! SPILL OVER EACH OTHER AS "THE ANGEL" BRILLIANTLY SOLVES THE CLUE OF THE

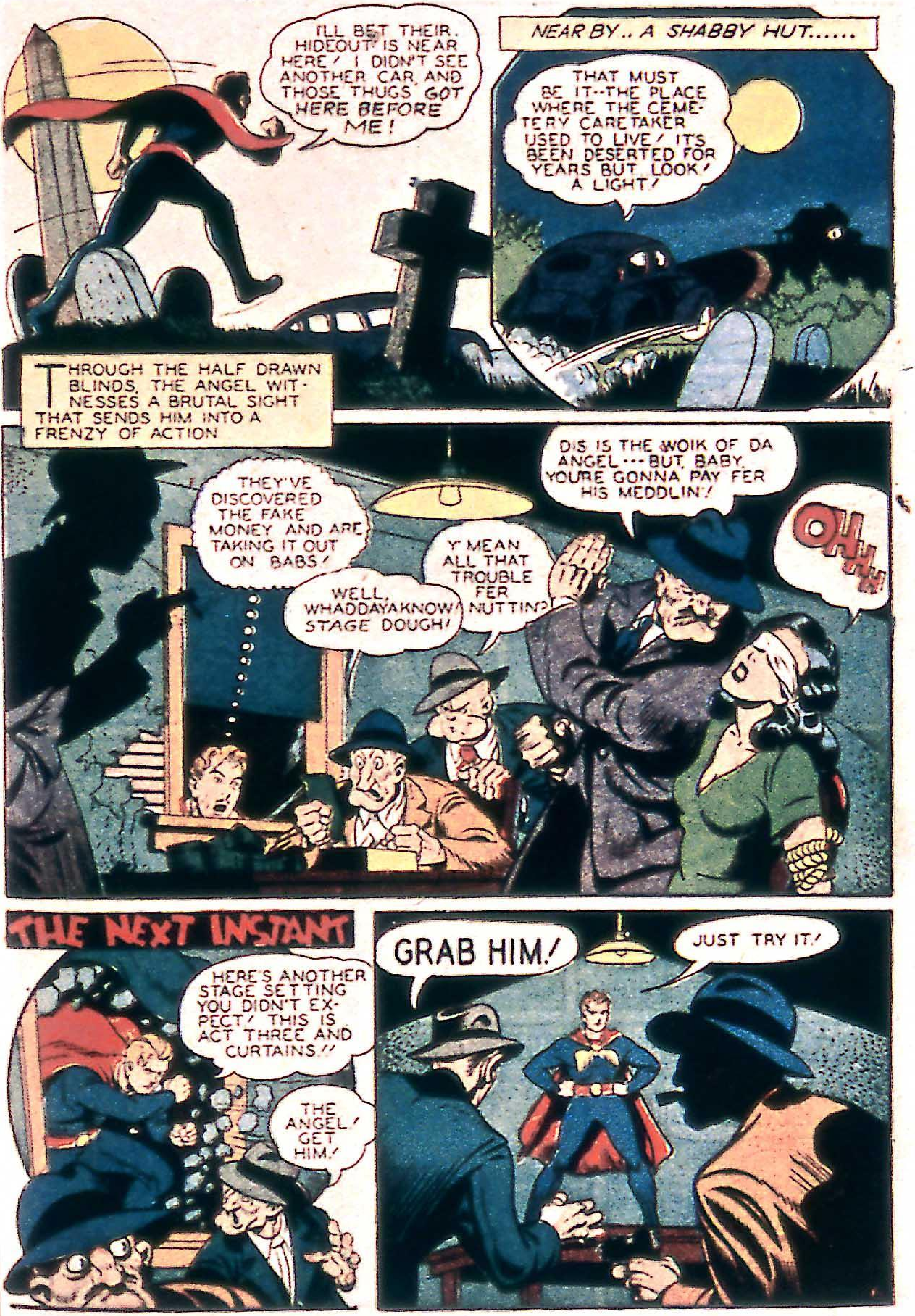
"TELL-TALE CIGARETTE!"

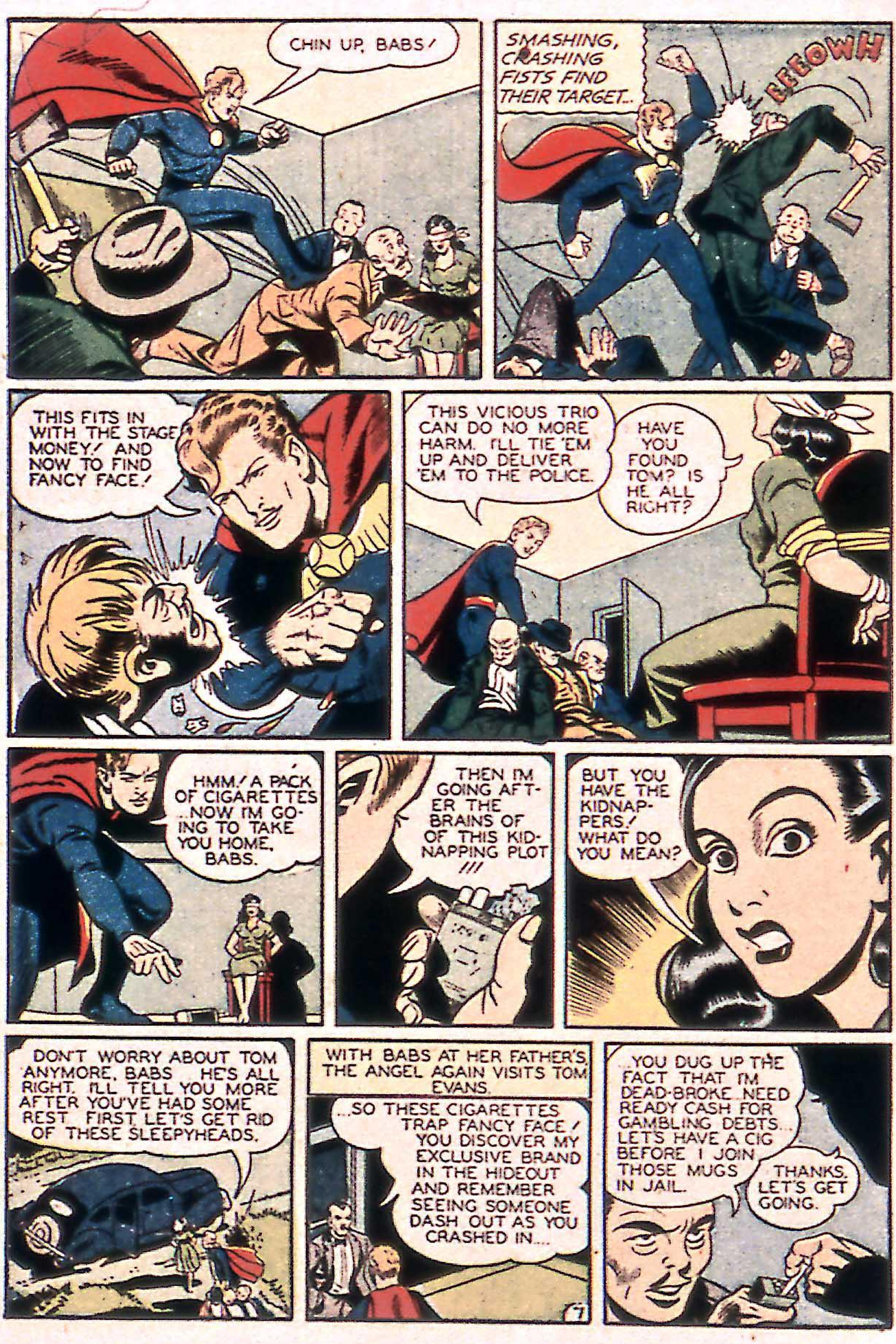

THE GAY VOICES OF BABS DALTON AND TOM EVANS, POPULAR MEMBERS OF CAFE SOCIETY'S YOUNGER SET, RESOUND THROUGH THE DAWN
MY GOODNESS! NOT A CAB IN SIGHT! WHAT TIME IS IT, TOM?
IT'S 330. TIME FOR YOU TO SAY YOU'LL MARRY ME!
NITE CLUB
A SLICK LIMOUSINE DRAWS UP TO THE CURB...
PLEASE, TOM, LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT ANY MORE!
IT'S EARLY, DEAR LET'S...
-THEN SUDDENLY
YOU MEAN, LET'S GO FOR A RIDE... DON'T YOU?
THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE GOING, GIRLIE... FOR A RIDE!
OOOH! LET ME GO, TOM, HE'S HURTING ME!
OUCH! MY HAND! YOU BIT IT, YOU LITTLE SPITFIRE!!
THERE! NOW YOU'LL LET ME GO! WHAT DO YOU WANT, ANYWAY?
THE HAPLESS GIRL, STRUGGLING TO FREE HERSELF, IS DRAGGED AWAY...
TOM TOM! YOU KILLED HIM! YOU... YOU!
NOTHING'LL QUIET THIS BABE! SHOVE HER IN THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR SHE'LL CALM DOWN!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER IN A PARK AVENUE PENTHOUSE; TREMBLING HANDS HOLD A CRUDELY WRITTEN NOTE...
Don't notify the police or your daughter will be sent back to you in a box – DEAD – we are holding the girl for $100,000 ransom –

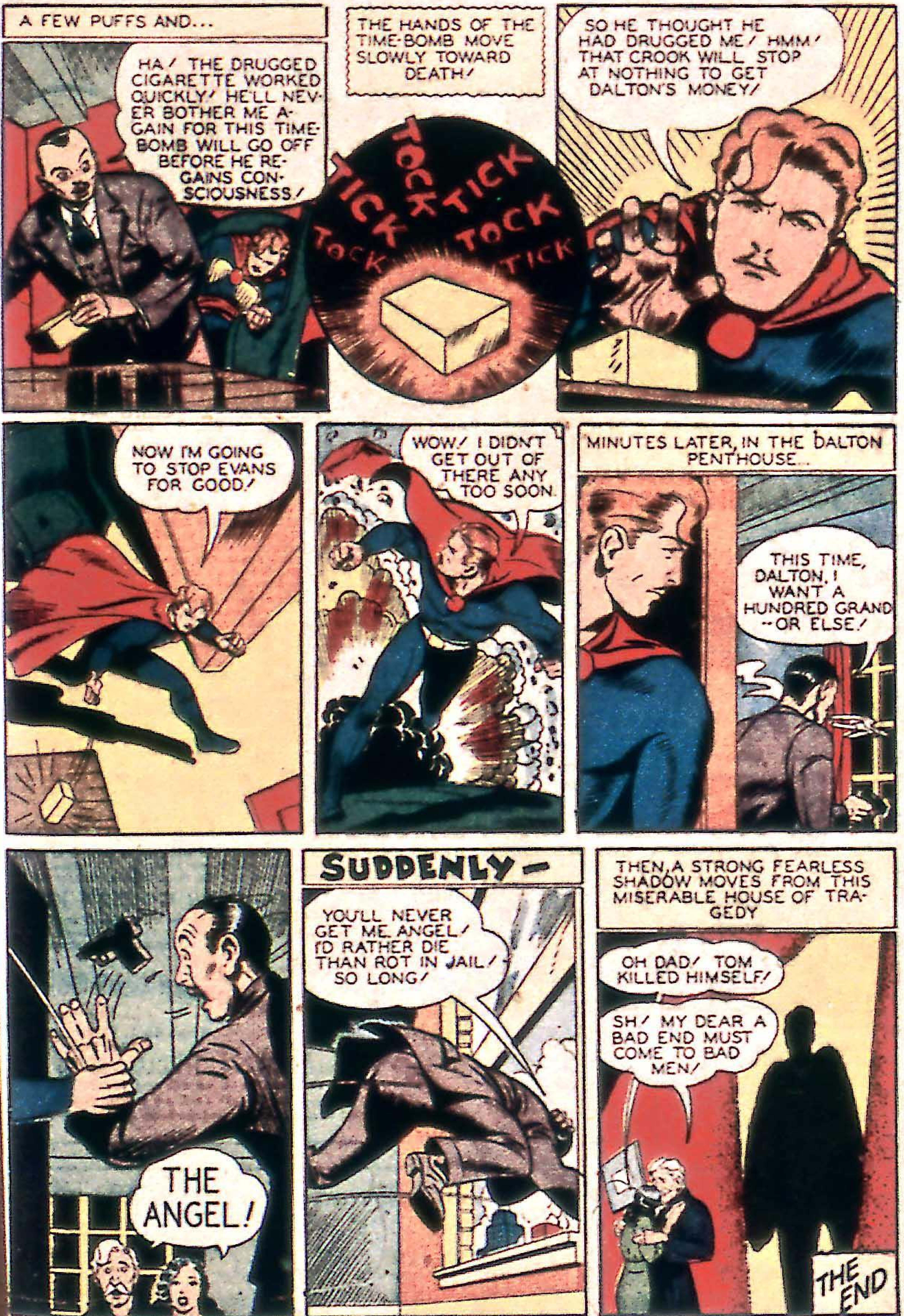

FRED DALTON, BAB'S FATHER A WEALTHY WALL STREET BANKER IS STUNNED BY THE CONTENTS OF THE NOTE!
I'VE GOT TO THINK! BABS KIDNAPPED...IN DANGER! THERE MUST BE NO PUBLICITY! THE ANGEL CAN HELP ME!
SOMETIME LATER...
SO TOM EVANS CALLED FOR BABS TO GO TO THE CAFE GLAMOR... AND YOU HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM YET. WHAT KIND OF MAN IS EVANS?
A FINE BOY. GOOD AMERICAN STOCK... THE KIDNAPPERS MUST BE HOLDING HIM, TOO.
WE'LL DO AS THE RANSOM NOTE SAYS...WITH ONE EXCEPTION! I'LL MEET THE KIDNAPPERS AND PAY THEM OFF IN PHONY BILLS... STAGE MONEY!
NO! NO! NOT ...PHONY MONEY! THEY'LL KILL HER! THEY'RE MURDERERS... FIENDS!...DESPERATE FOR MONEY!!
I KNOW, MR. DALTON, BUT WE CAN'T LET THE KIDNAPPERS SAY "GIMME" AND THEN KICK IN! KIDNAPPING IS A FEDERAL OFFENSE...PUNISHABLE BY DEATH!
THE RINGING OF THE TELEPHONE SNAPS THE MEN TO THEIR FEET!
TOM!
MY GIRL...WHERE IS SHE? YOU WERE KNOCKED OUT! BABS HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! YES, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
TOM EVANS?
I'LL GO TO SEE EVANS AND TALK TO HIM ALONE...
YOU'RE RIGHT... I'LL WAIT HERE. THE KIDNAPPERS MIGHT TELEPHONE.
IN TOM EVANS' APARTMENT...
...TELL ME ALL YOU CAN ABOUT THE ATTACK, TOM.
WELL, WE WERE WAITING FOR A CAB... ABOUT 3:30. THE STREETS WERE DESERTED. THEN BABS SCREAMED AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK...
...AND THAT'S ALL. WE MUST GET THOSE THUGS HERE. HAVE A CIGARETTE---MY OWN SPECIAL BRAND!
THANKS. WELL, I'LL KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOU, TOM.

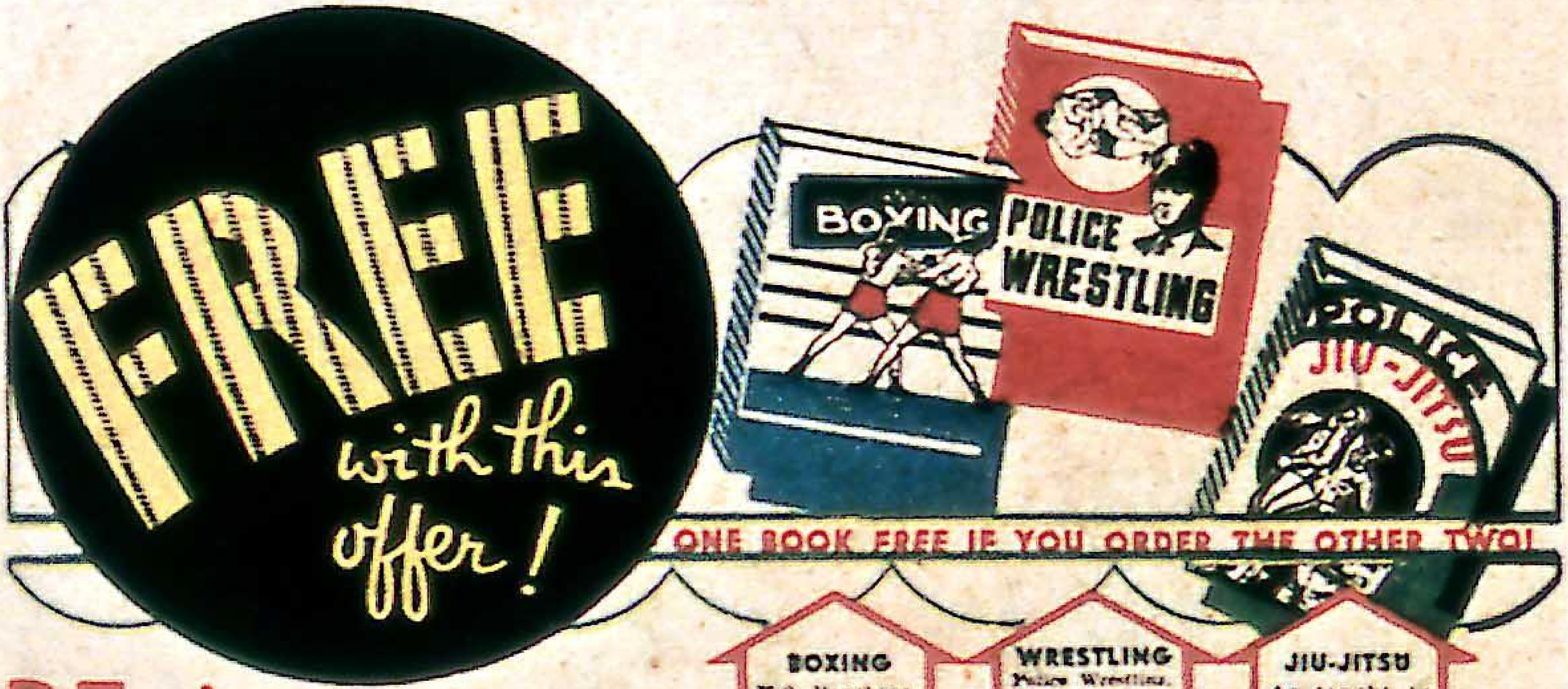

BACK IN DALTON'S APARTMENT, THE ANGEL® PREPARES A DISGUISE
IF THEY FIND OUT YOU'RE NOT ME AND THAT THE MONEY IS..
CALM YOURSELF IF BABS IS ALIVE, NO HARM WILL COME TO HER I'LL SEE TO THAT!
THE RANSOM MONEY IS PACKED IN THE CAR AND I'M READY TO DELIVER IT TO THOSE SKUNKS IN HAVEN CEMETERY!
TAKE CARE, ANGEL!
MIDNIGHT AT THE HAVEN CEMETERY
I'M SURE GLAD THERE'S A MOON! IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SEE WHAT THOSE MANIACS LOOK LIKE!
AS THE ANGEL HURRIES TO KEEP THE RENDEZVOUS WITH THE KIDNAPPERS
HA! THIS IS IT! THE NOTE SAID TO THROW THE BOX OF MONEY OVER THE STONE WALL... BUT I'M GOING TO THROW MORE THAN THE BOX!
AND ON THE OTHER SIDE...
BOY! WHAT AN EASY TOUCH THIS GUY DALTON IS!
PIPE DOWN! I HEAR HIM COMIN' TWO FLASHES IS THE SIGNAL THAT WE'RE HERE!
THIS IS DALTON. I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY WHEN YOU TELL ME WHERE MY DAUGHTER IS!
NIX, DALTON! MONEY COMES FIRST! IF YOU DOUBLE-CROSS US, WE'LL SHIP HER BACK TO YOU IN A CASKET!
UNHAMPERED BY DALTON'S SUIT, THE ANGEL FLIES OVER THE WALL IN HIS FIGHTING TOGS!
KIDNAPPING WENT OUT OF STYLE A LONG TIME AGO, YOU MUGS---BUT NOT THIS!!
WELL, WADDAYAKNOW, THE ANGEL!


BEFORE THE THUGS CAN REGAIN THEIR SENSES...
WHERE'S THE GIRL? THE MONEY'S IN THE BOX! NOW WHERE IS SHE?
THAT'S OUR SECRET! IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN 20 MINUTES WITH THIS DOUGH, THE GIRL DIES!
FANCY FACE WAS RIGHT! THE ANGEL IS TREADING ON TERRITORY ANGELS USUALLY FEAR TO TREAD WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM HIS HARP!
YOU'LL TALK WITHIN' FIVE MINUTES..
I KNEW YOU'D SPRING THAT! USE YOUR HEADS FOR MORE THAN A PUNCHING BAG! WHERE'S THE GIRL? QUICK!
HERE'S YOUR ANSWER IN ONE SECOND FLAT! HOW'S THAT?
A SICKENING THUD... THEN...
SOCK
I THOUGHT I WAS DONE FOR! ..AND ME WITHOUT A WILL!
THE THREE KIDNAPPERS RACE TO THEIR HIDEOUT!
HURRY WITH THAT COIN, CHUCK!
YES! FANCY FACE WANTS TO CATCH A PLANE!
MINUTES LATER THE ANGEL REGAINS HIS SENSES...
OOOOH! MY HEAD! THOSE THUGS... THEY'RE GONE... WITH THE PHONY MONEY! THEY'LL KILL BABS WHEN THEY DISCOVER IT... GOT TO FIND THEM.... —QUICK!
HERE LIES


I'LL BET THEIR HIDEOUT IS NEAR HERE! I DIDN'T SEE ANOTHER CAR AND THOSE THUGS GOT HERE BEFORE ME!
NEAR BY.. A SHABBY HUT......
THAT MUST BE IT--THE PLACE WHERE THE CEMETERY CARETAKER USED TO LIVE! IT'S BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS BUT LOOK! A LIGHT!
THROUGH THE HALF DRAWN BLINDS, THE ANGEL WITNESSES A BRUTAL SIGHT THAT SENDS HIM INTO A FRENZY OF ACTION
THEY'VE DISCOVERED THE FAKE MONEY AND ARE TAKING IT OUT ON BABS!
DIS IS THE WOIK OF DA ANGEL --- BUT, BABY, YOURE GONNA PAY FER HIS MEDDLIN'!
OHHH
WELL, WHADDAYAKNOW! STAGE DOUGH!
Y' MEAN ALL THAT TROUBLE FER NUTTIN?
THE NEXT INSTANT
HERE'S ANOTHER STAGE SETTING YOU DIDN'T EXPECT! THIS IS ACT THREE AND CURTAINS!!
THE ANGEL! GET HIM!
GRAB HIM!
JUST TRY IT!


CHIN UP, BABS!
SMASHING, CRASHING FISTS FIND THEIR TARGET...
BEEOWH
THIS FITS IN WITH THE STAGE MONEY! AND NOW TO FIND FANCY FACE!
THIS VICIOUS TRIO CAN DO NO MORE HARM. I'LL TIE 'EM UP AND DELIVER 'EM TO THE POLICE.
HAVE YOU FOUND TOM? IS HE ALL RIGHT?
HMM! A PACK OF CIGARETTES ...NOW I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU HOME, BABS.
THEN I'M GOING AFTER THE BRAINS OF OF THIS KIDNAPPING PLOT!!!
BUT YOU HAVE THE KIDNAPPERS! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT TOM ANYMORE, BABS... HE'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL TELL YOU MORE AFTER YOU'VE HAD SOME REST... FIRST LET'S GET RID OF THESE SLEEPYHEADS.
WITH BABS AT HER FATHER'S, THE ANGEL AGAIN VISITS TOM EVANS.
...SO THESE CIGARETTES TRAP FANCY FACE! YOU DISCOVER MY EXCLUSIVE BRAND IN THE HIDEOUT AND REMEMBER SEEING SOMEONE DASH OUT AS YOU CRASHED IN...
...YOU DUG UP THE FACT THAT I'M DEAD-BROKE...NEED READY CASH FOR GAMBLING DEBTS... LET'S HAVE A CIG BEFORE I JOIN THOSE MUGS IN JAIL.
THANKS. LET'S GET GOING.


A FEW PUFFS AND...
HA! THE DRUGGED CIGARETTE WORKED QUICKLY! HE'LL NEVER BOTHER ME AGAIN FOR THIS TIME-BOMB WILL GO OFF BEFORE HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS!
THE HANDS OF THE TIME-BOMB MOVE SLOWLY TOWARD DEATH!
TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK TOCK TICK
SO HE THOUGHT HE HAD DRUGGED ME! HMM! THAT CROOK WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET DALTON'S MONEY!
NOW I'M GOING TO STOP EVANS FOR GOOD!
WOW! I DIDN'T GET OUT OF THERE ANY TOO SOON.
MINUTES LATER, IN THE DALTON PENTHOUSE...
THIS TIME, DALTON, I WANT A HUNDRED GRAND --OR ELSE!
THE ANGEL!
SUDDENLY—
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, ANGEL! I'D RATHER DIE THAN ROT IN JAIL! SO LONG!
THEN, A STRONG FEARLESS SHADOW MOVES FROM THIS MISERABLE HOUSE OF TRAGEDY
OH DAD! TOM KILLED HIMSELF!
SH! MY DEAR A BAD END MUST COME TO BAD MEN!
THE END



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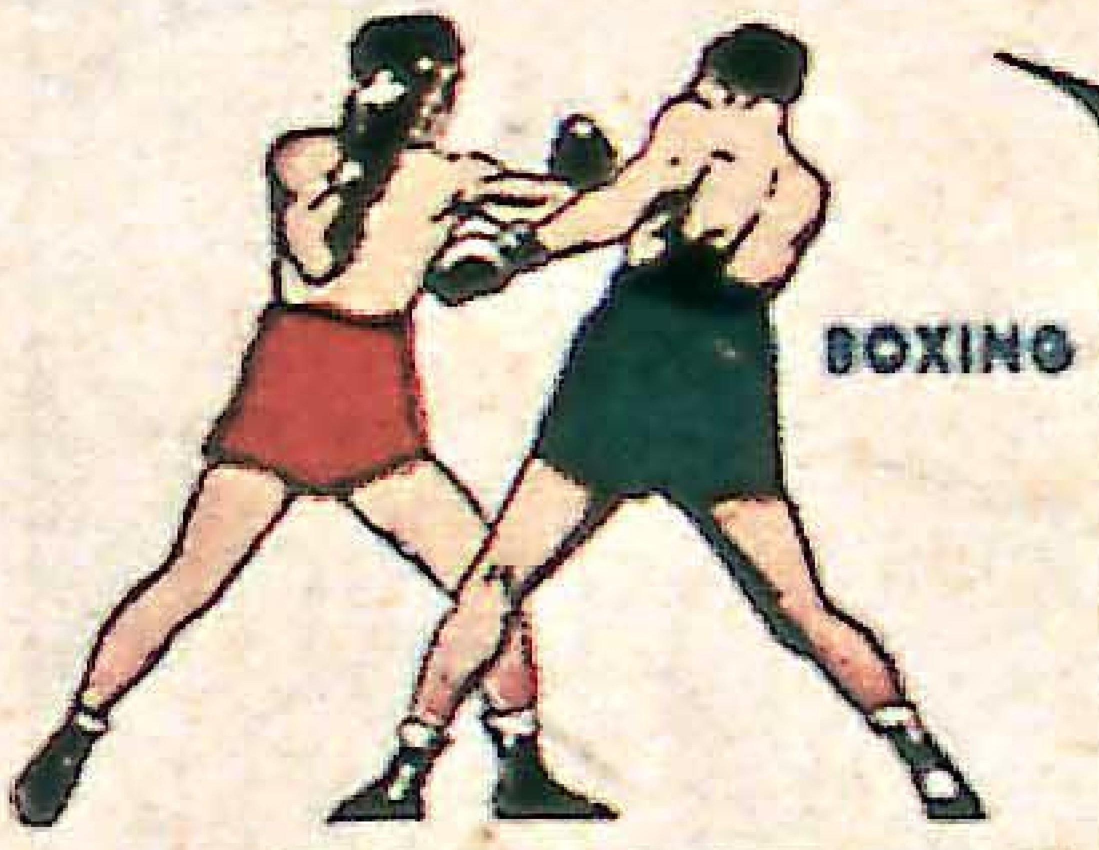

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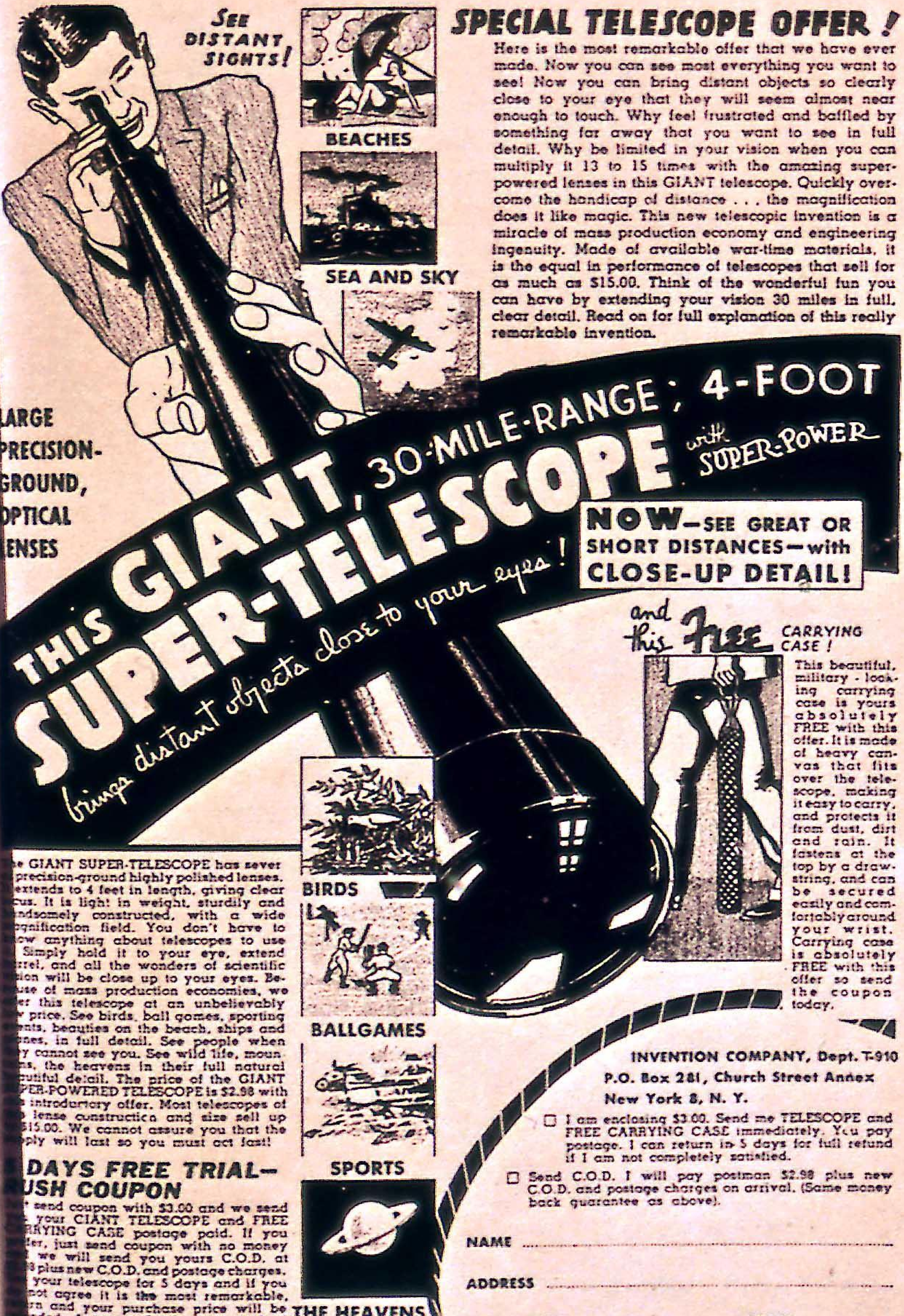

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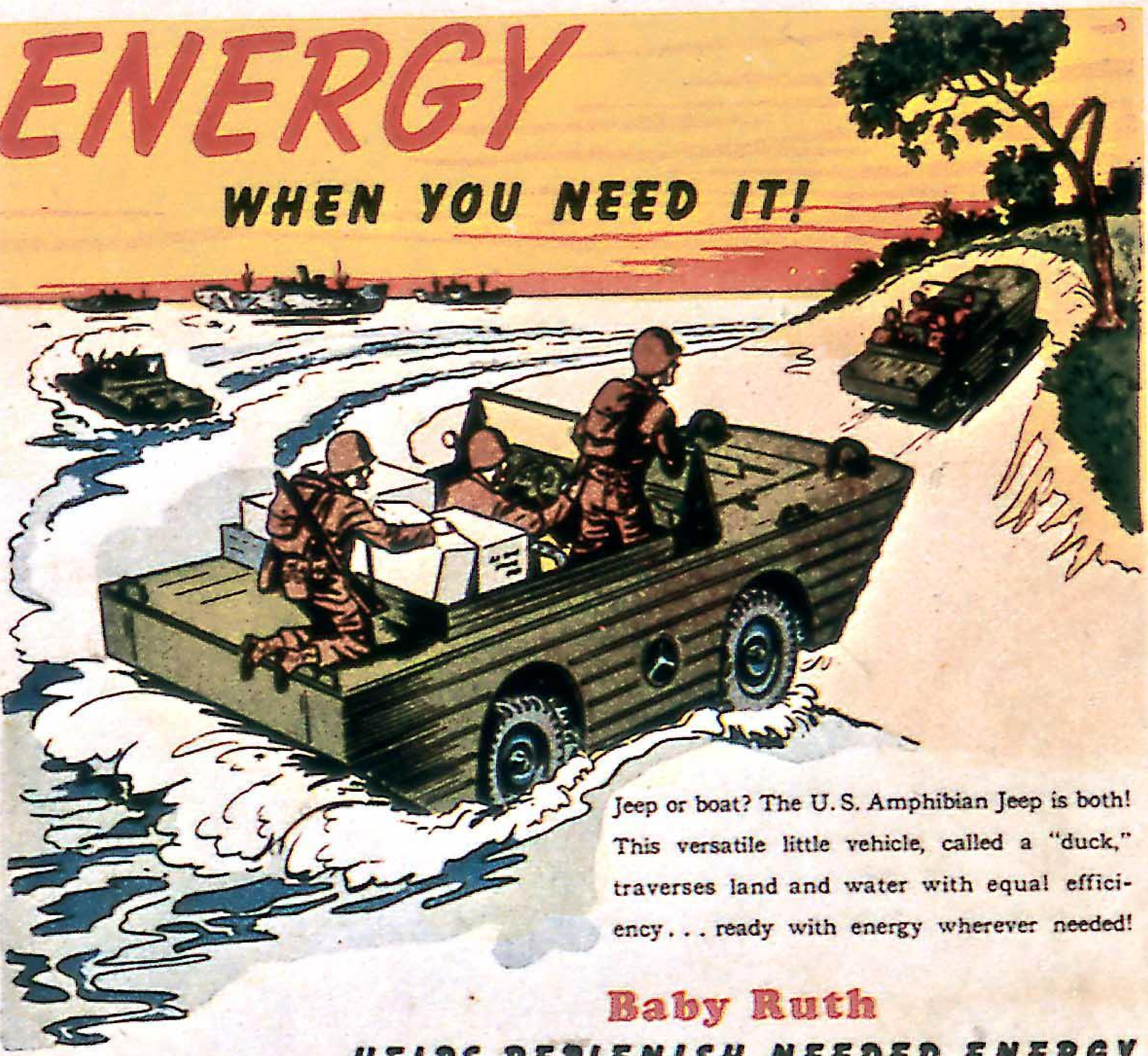

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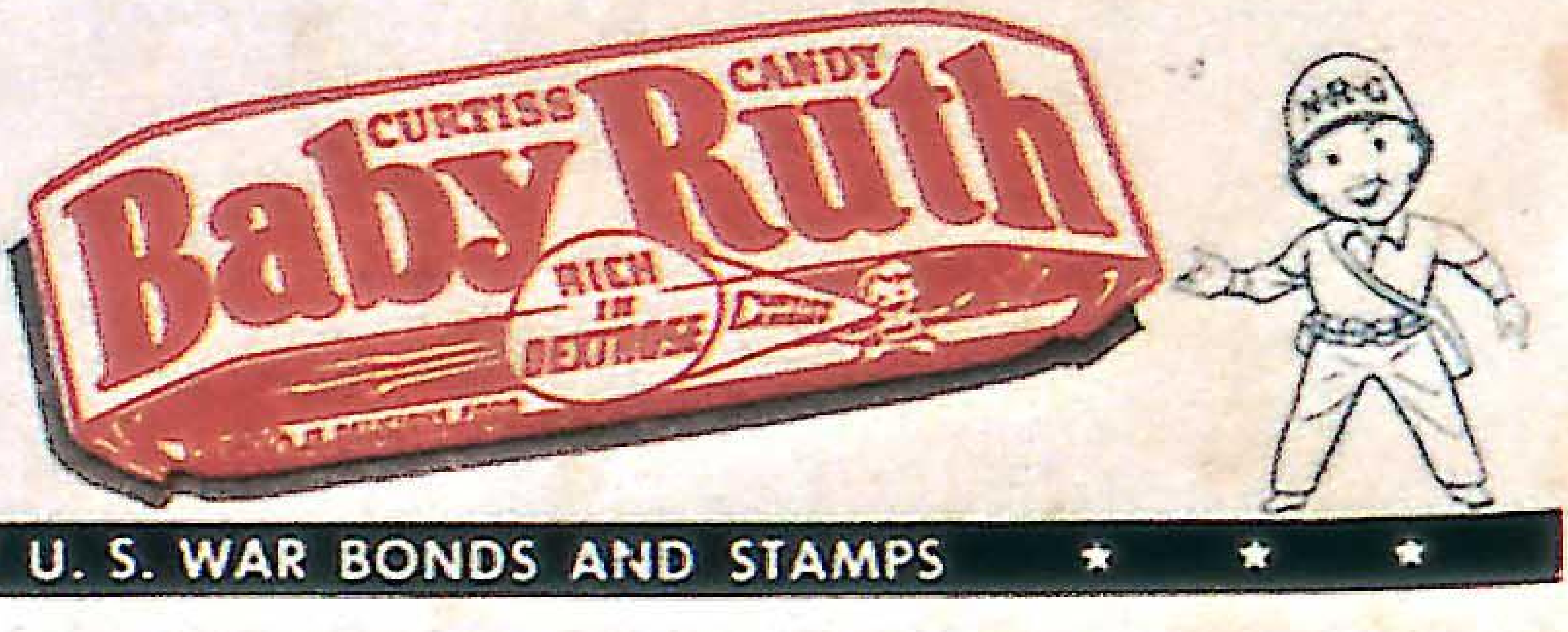

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